

COUNTRY LIFE

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VAL L'ESTRANGE.

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135, Sloane Street, S.W.

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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Local Authorities and the War

AMONG the questions raised at the recent meeting of the Central and Associated Chambers of Agriculture, one of the most important referred to local authorities. Some of these bodies, as is well known, are going on with work that is not immediately necessary—that, in fact, would not have been undertaken but for the grant of the Development Fund. It was earnestly recommended that this should be discontinued. The local authorities should recognise their responsibility to the public. In the years to come there will have to be met a very heavy bill for interest on the vast amount borrowed to carry on the war, and it is the duty of all who are responsible for spending to save in other directions as much as possible. Of course, we all know that there are certain works which the local bodies ought not to neglect, and others which really are of a remunerative character, or at least involve no loss. But there is a third class

which embraces improvements, no doubt admirable and to be desired in themselves, but of a nature that enables them to be deferred to a future time. Road improvements which have served their purpose up to now, for example, can be put off till the stress of the war is over. We have touched on this point before in our notes, but everybody who is interested in the question at all knows that these local bodies will take a great deal of stopping. They have been accustomed to spend the ratepayers' money with a very free hand, and are not likely to drop this habit merely because a body of agriculturists or a few newspapers have protested.

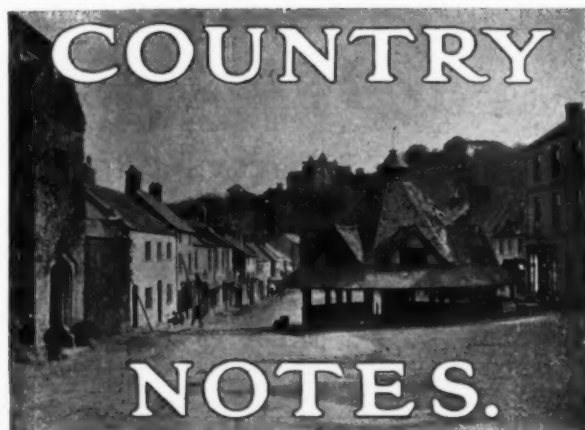
There is need for a vigilant watch over the proceedings of each individual council if economy is really to be enforced. The very fact that this protest has to be made brings out a weakness underlying the Development Fund, though we are very far from condemning that arrangement for bringing efficiency into the resources of this country. But the local authorities must be made to understand that whatever be the name of the fund on which they make demands, it is, in the first place, contributed by the taxpayers of this country, and it has become necessary nowadays to look as sternly and as carefully into the laying out of every penny of it as it is to watch the expenditure of a personal income.

There is another direction in which it devolves upon them to consider national before local needs, and this is in the employment of labour. A case was quoted the other day in which forty strong, able-bodied young men were kept at work on improving a road which was in no pressing need of it. In this squad of men it is doubtful if there were half a dozen who were not fit and proper men to bear arms in their country's cause. Were the facts otherwise, and a larger proportion of them unsuitable for reasons connected with their physique to enlist in the Army, the very fact that they were capable of doing this hard work on the road showed that they might have been made available for more useful work. Before road making must be placed food producing. We can make shift with an inferior road for a few years, especially if it be a road that has served its purpose for any period between twenty-five years and a couple of centuries. But the need of food is imperative, and it is likely to become much more pressing if the war is prolonged. Various daily contemporaries have recently reproduced advertisements for young men between the ages of twenty-one and forty; that is to say, young men at the time of life when they are most required in the Army. The issue of such notices betrays on the part of the urban or rural authorities responsible a sad misunderstanding of the needs of the time. On reading them one would think, in the words of a Continental journalist, that Great Britain had on hand nothing more important than one of the Colonial expeditions which her vast Empire renders necessary from time to time. The sooner that people get rid of this delusion, the better it will be for Britain. We have to face a foe not only savage and implacable, but of a strength that has been carefully husbanded for war purposes during a long period of years and, in spite of the rumours that are set afloat every now and then, sufficiently supplied with the munitions of war and the brains necessary to conduct a very powerful campaign. It would be of very little use to issue this warning when the enemy is at the gate, but no one can say it is previous while in the waters surrounding this island such spectacles are to be seen as that of a German submarine full of jeering faces encircling the drowning victims of a ship that has been torpedoed. Such an exhibition of the worst form of savagery ought, one would think, to fire the blood and stir the imagination of every man in this country, so that those in authority and those subordinate to them would concentrate their energies as one man for the purpose of subduing the foe. Civilisation demands it no less than the well being of this Empire.

Our Frontispiece

OUR portrait study this week is of Lady Victoria Primrose, formerly Lady Victoria Stanley, only daughter of the Earl of Derby, whose marriage to the Hon. Neil Primrose took place on April 7th.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



DIGNITY and force have been imported into the movement for promoting abstinence in war time by the decided and resolute action of the King. On April 6th he issued a command that from that date onward, presumably till the war is over, "no wines, spirits or beer will be consumed in any of His Majesty's houses." All the Ministers of the Crown, including Lord Kitchener, have followed this great example, and the country has entered on a struggle with the inefficiency caused by excessive drinking. It is no teetotallers' effort, and those who pride themselves on having been life-long abstainers will do well to stand aside. No sacrifice is demanded from them. The battle will not be won by those who have convictions on the drink question, because that is not the issue at stake. What is ultimately aimed at is not so much sobriety as efficiency. It is recognised that the war in which we are engaged is not a soldiers' battle only, but a wrestling bout between nations. Therefore the men on whose action the issue will depend are those who make no especial virtue of temperance, who have been accustomed to drink alcoholic fluids for pleasure and comfort, who have cellars for the use of their friends, and have been ever ready to partake of wines and spirits at public and private dinners and other parties. Many thousands of such men and women have already signed the ordinance of self-denial, because in doing so each adds at least a little to an influence which makes for the greater efficiency of the Empire.

THERE would be little sense in blinding ourselves to the fact that if any worthy object is to be achieved means will have to be taken to stir the uncaring, the callous, the lethargic out of their indifference. It was a great thing for the Czar to abolish the sale of vodka by a stroke of his pen; equally so was it for the French Chamber of Deputies to end the drinking of absinthe; but immeasurably greater will be the achievement if a nation like Great Britain, acting on individual impulse and under no prohibition, attains a similar end. We know, too, that the sacrifice, although purifying, must involve hardship. It means a vast loss of revenue at a time when the nation can ill afford it; it also means unmerited loss both of money and employment in the Licensed Victuallers' trade. And this trade is progressive and improving. During the last quarter of a century it has been conducted with an ever deepening sense of responsibility, so that much sympathy must be felt for those whose incomes are curtailed or lost. These are times when those called upon to suffer should be helped, and means must be found to mitigate the consequences. We are sure that the most enlightened of those engaged in the trade will recognise the immense value of such a moral victory as the voluntary abstinence of the nation from alcohol till the end of the war.

WE are all proud of the fact that the Prince of Wales is country life and open air to the tips of his fingers. He has distinguished himself as a walker and stalker, and has shown great promise as a soldier. In one other respect he is treading in the path of his ancestors. To make a long story short, he has started farming in the Duchy of Cornwall, where two holdings fell vacant a couple of years ago. Together they extend to about four hundred acres, and form the Whiteford Home Farm, Stoke Climsland, Callington, which will hold the relation which Sandringham Farm did to Windsor at the time when Queen Victoria was still alive. A very good start has been made by the construction of entirely new farm buildings, cottages and other accommodation

for the working staff and the animals. Prince Albert set the fashion by establishing at Windsor the famous herd of Shorthorns which still is there, and the Prince of Wales has done exactly what his great-grandfather did.

IN the time of the latter it was seen that the English Shorthorn, through much in-breeding, was becoming too fine and inclining to be small. For this reason the advisers of the Prince advised him to go to Scotland for fresh blood, which he did. After all these years have passed, the Prince of Wales has followed the same course. The Shorthorn herd now established at Stoke Climsland has been mostly obtained from the North of Scotland. The most notable bull was purchased at Mr. Duthie's sale at Collynie last October for £850; his name is Collynie Red Knight. Other bulls are Merry Favourite, which comes from the Duke of Northumberland's herd, and Nicholas of Chuny, from Lady Cathcart's herd. Already the villagers have begun to reap some of the advantages of having Royalty in their midst. A village hall has been built for them by the Duchy, with a library and reading-room, and preparations of an adequate kind have been made to secure the comfort and prosperity of the labouring men on the estate.

EXPLANATION.

'Er've offered to take all the children a'fairin'—
'Er've giv' Bob a copper to buy a noo bat—
'Er've cleaned down the 'ouse (all the neighbours a'starin' !),
'Er've weeded the yard—and 'er've trimmed up 'er 'at !

'Er've turned Maggie's gown into apern for Polly :
'Er've patched Johnny's elbows with Granfer's old coat :
'Er've cried and 'er've joked and 'er've seemed full of folly :
'Er've laughed with wet eyes and a lump in 'er throat !

And us—well, us knows—and us loves 'er the better
For all they there things what might puzzle some folk—
'Er man who was "missin'" 'ave sent 'er a letter—
And now 'er 'eart's singin'—which well nigh was broke !
LILLIAN GARD.

SELDOM indeed have we been able to publish a letter of such interest as that from Dr. Souttar which appears in our "Correspondence" columns to-day. Probably many of our readers have made acquaintance with the writer through his newly published book, "A Surgeon in Belgium," which ought to be in the hands of every man or woman who has a friend or relative at the front. Dr. Souttar is in a position to appreciate at its full value the importance of the new departure made at Cambridge by the establishment of a great open air hospital, such as was minutely described in the two articles which we published from the Master of Christ's. His experience in Belgium supplies the clue, if any were needed, to the miracles of cure accomplished in the First Eastern General Hospital. The wounds received in France and Belgium have been, as a rule, soiled with earth and mud, and, naturally, the organisms found are those which flourish in these surroundings. They have the peculiar characteristic that they can only flourish in the closeness and darkness of the mud, but if air be admitted to the wounds, the bacteria rapidly perish and the wounds are reduced to comparative cleanliness, to the vast benefit of the patient. On the other hand, the use of fomentations gives the bacteria the very conditions under which they flourish most. They grow on the dead tissue of the wounds, and the treatment which should have destroyed them encourages multiplication.

WE cannot help quoting Dr. Souttar's account of the experience that brought this insight to him. He was very close to the front in the Belgian field hospital, and therefore got all the worst cases at a very early point. It was soon discovered that to cover these wounds in dressings was fatal to the patient. After two days the stench was awful, and "in despair we put the unfortunate men out in the open air, as we thought, to die." Now came the miracle which Nature accomplished when given her own way. In forty-eight hours the wounds had ceased to smell, the surfaces looked cleaner, and the men had obviously turned the corner. That was the reason why all the gangrenous cases were afterwards placed in the courtyard. Another reason for supporting the open air hospital is that the air of an ordinary ward is crowded with organisms, and the man has to fight against these as well as those in his wound. In the open air ward there is none of this. These are the considerations which have led Dr. Souttar to the very important conclusion

that "Cambridge has led the way in an advance in hospital design that must have a powerful influence on the great hospitals of the future." This is certainly a matter to which no citizen of the Empire can be indifferent.

THE late Lord Rothschild, of whom a brief obituary notice will be found in another part of the paper, was the best type of a great City business man who in his leisure was a model country gentleman. His greatest interest, of course, centred in the great banking house of which he was the head, and to the last he gave it his close personal attention. On nearly all the great financial schemes of the last twenty-five years he was the first to be consulted. Yet at Tring he maintained what was without question the greatest stud farm in the world. Everything on it was done perfectly, although comparatively little effort was made at outside show. The farm buildings were homely in appearance, but the expert was not slow to discover that they had been planned with a sure eye to their efficiency for the purpose intended. The establishment has a national importance, and we hope his successor to the title, who is a distinguished zoologist, will maintain the tradition of pedigree stock breeding for which it has gained a world renown.

IN the German note about submarine prisoners, the important passage is the admission that "the crews of the submarines acted in the execution of orders given to them." The Kaiser, Admiral von Tirpitz and others hereby confess that they have given orders to sink innocent British and neutral ships and to kill non-combatants. Theirs is the responsibility for outraging the law of nations and acting against the dictates of common humanity. It should be observed that there are great differences between the individual commanders of German submarines. A few have been more humane than their masters; others have carried out the orders with callous brutality. For the latter to claim the same treatment as that accorded to honourable opponents is merely an example of Teutonic insolence. Sir Edward Grey returned a firm and stern reply to the note, and concluded with the reminder that whereas our sailors often at the risk of their own lives and sometimes to the prejudice of British naval operations, have rescued from the sea over a thousand of the enemy, the Germans have not rescued a single man or officer of the Royal Navy. Further, the submarine officers and crews are better treated than British prisoners in Germany.

MR. STANLEY WASHBURN'S account of the fall of Przemysl is a revelation that largely accounts for Austria's failure in the war. Englishmen read it with profound regret. The quarrel between Austria and Great Britain was forced on both countries by circumstances, and hostilities have not wholly obliterated the good feeling between them. It is, therefore, without any wish to gloat over the disgrace of an enemy that we read the story of elegant faultlessly dressed officers taking their pleasure in a gay restaurant life while the common soldiers were starving to death in the trenches. And the defence, such as it was, reflected no honour on those responsible for it. Przemysl was one of the strongest fortifications in Europe, and experts considered that with a force of from 50,000 to 60,000 men it could have held out against any army the Russians could bring against it. About three times that number failed in the task. What else could be expected when the officers refused to share the hardships of the men. While cats were being sold at eight shillings apiece and fair sized dogs at a sovereign, the officers thronged the Café Sieber, played cards and billiards, and led the same gay life to which they had been accustomed in Berlin. After the surrender they showed an irresponsible frivolity in striking contrast to the quiet, businesslike Russian officers scarcely distinguishable from the privates.

HALF a century ago a dying soldier left under his pillow some verses of a simple, unaffected pathos, telling how his half-day's work was done; he was ordered to lay down his tools and go. The lines, as it were, stripped life to the bone and exposed its sadness and its compensations—"These stripes no less than stars lead after Him." His words, though those of a writer who was nameless, like those of the bard who composed the equally poignant ballad poetry of Scotland, have never been forgotten. As Lady Wolseley showed in a letter we published last week, Lord Wolseley had preserved them among his private papers. Here and there a lover of the real in poetry had copied them out or cut the extract from a newspaper. It appears from a letter in our

columns this week that, even while being reprinted in our columns, they were being placed in an anthology compiled by Mrs. Mary Warrack. Yet the writer is unknown. Lord Wolseley may possibly have left behind him a clue when he wrote after them "M. W. Howland," but Lady Wolseley has not been able to identify the writer. Here, however, appears to be the only hint. We hope some of our readers, American or British, will be able to throw some light on "M. W. Howland."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* on March 31st gives some curious examples of the new slang words that are being added to the French vocabulary from the experience of the war. It would appear that our own private soldiers have not a monopoly of inventing humorous descriptions for those, friendly and hostile, with whom they come into contact. The word *boche*, or sausage, for German soldier, is familiar. Its opposite is *poilu*, a word that has the original sense of hairy and sturdy, and is, therefore, not ill applied to a good fighter. *Marmite*, a saucepan, is now used to designate a heavy shell. *Zigouiller* comes from the vocabulary of the Apache and is used in the sense to bayonet. *Crapouillout*, which means literally a little toad, is applied to the squat little French mortar. *Artiflot* is a gunner. It is made up of *artilleur* and *fiflot*, which means a common soldier. *Boulot*, which suggests a log of wood, has come to mean work. *Faire de bon boulot* is to do good work. Thus does humour shed its pleasant ray over even the grim work of fighting.

A SPRING SUNSET.

Hushed is the wind's importunate complaining,
Dried are the tears of heaven, and Hope smiles dimly:
Lo! in the riven west, beyond earth's ramparts
Gleams El Dorado.

ANGELA GORDON.

EVEN in these exciting times the sixtieth anniversary of the death of Charlotte Brontë should not pass unnoticed. "Jane Eyre" is one of the few super-excellent novels written by Englishwomen. It can be placed side by side with "Pride and Prejudice," yet there can be no real comparison, because the two works are so radically unlike one another. Jane Austen's novel is suffused with a wit and humour and the emotions of everyday life. They are all set down by a writer of whom tranquillity is characteristic. "Jane Eyre" is a tale of passion, of the extraordinary. Its immense power grips one as only very few imaginative works do. For this reason, if for no other, Charlotte was the greatest of the three sisters, and, indeed, "Jane Eyre" surpasses anything else she ever wrote. M. Renan, in some ways the most profound of French critics, used to hold that a novelist should not begin to write till the age of forty, holding that it takes so many years of experience to let the lessons of life and observation mature and ripen. But the history of these great writers goes to confute his theory. Jane Austen wrote her masterpiece at the age of twenty-one. Charlotte Brontë died in her thirty-ninth year, and she was the longest lived of the three sisters, for Emily died at thirty, and Anne at twenty-nine. The truth is that no absolute rule can be laid down on a matter of this kind. One intellect flowers and bears its choicest fruit in comparative youth, another ripens and ripens till the advance of old age, so that, not the deduction of the philosopher, but the personal instinct is the rule to go by.

MR. MAURICE COPLAND, who has died of pneumonia in a hospital in France, was not, perhaps, very widely known among golfers, but there must be many, and more especially those who play on the links of Rye, who will hear of his death with much more than a passing feeling of sorrow. His was one of those stories of going to the war too little known, which, even in days that are so full of gallantry and self sacrifice, compel a particular admiration. He was about thirty-eight years old, and not a very strong man, but when the war broke out he at once enlisted as a private in the Royal Sussex Regiment, and so took his place in the ranks beside the Rye caddies who had often carried his clubs. That is not a thing that every man would have done. Mr. Copland was of a most winning nature, very quiet and very modest, with a pleasant twinkle of rather characteristic humour peeping out now and again. He was a very good golfer, and the game was very like the man. It was very simple and quiet, wholly bereft of imposing flourishes, but eminently sound and reliable.

THE WORLD'S NEW GRANARY.

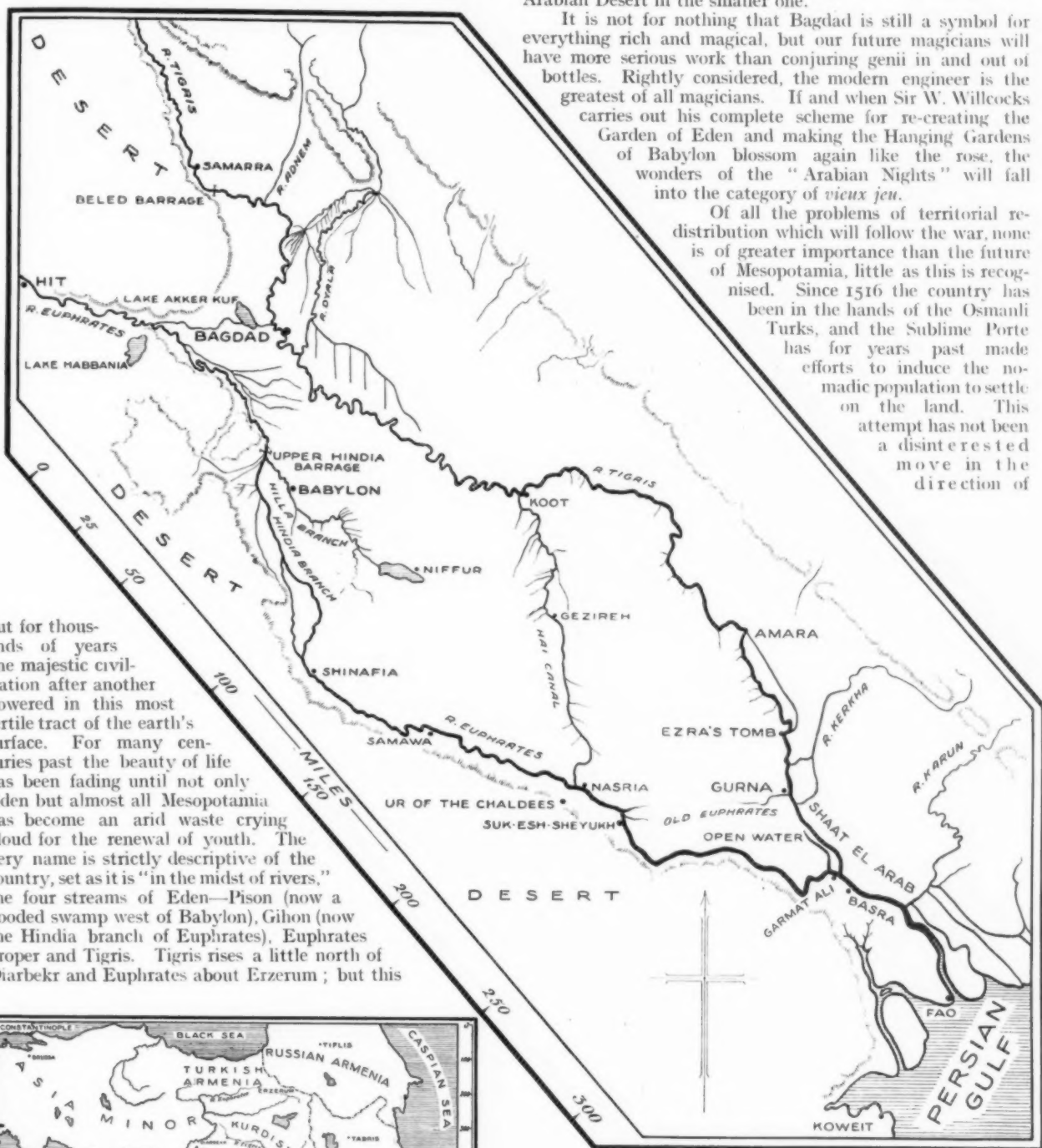
TO many people Mesopotamia is little more than a string of rolling syllables, attractive as it was to the old woman who could remember no more of a long sermon than "that blessed word Mesopotamia." It was not only the God-appointed cradle of the race—south of Anah lay the Garden of Eden—

article will mainly consider the delta of the two great rivers from not far north of Bagdad down to the Persian Gulf, into which the confluent stream known as the Shaat-al-Arab now discharges to melancholy waste their life-giving waters. This area is shown in the larger map, and the position of Mesopotamia with reference to Asia Minor and the Arabian Desert in the smaller one.

It is not for nothing that Bagdad is still a symbol for everything rich and magical, but our future magicians will have more serious work than conjuring genii in and out of bottles. Rightly considered, the modern engineer is the greatest of all magicians. If and when Sir W. Willcocks carries out his complete scheme for re-creating the Garden of Eden and making the Hanging Gardens of Babylon blossom again like the rose, the wonders of the "Arabian Nights" will fall into the category of *vieux jeu*.

Of all the problems of territorial re-distribution which will follow the war, none is of greater importance than the future of Mesopotamia, little as this is recognised. Since 1516 the country has been in the hands of the Osmanli Turks, and the Sublime Porte has for years past made efforts to induce the nomadic population to settle on the land. This attempt has not been a disinterested move in the direction of

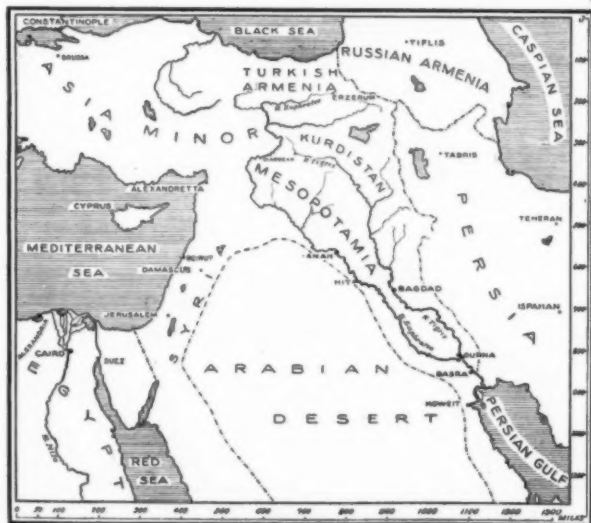
but for thousands of years one majestic civilisation after another flowered in this most fertile tract of the earth's surface. For many centuries past the beauty of life has been fading until not only Eden but almost all Mesopotamia has become an arid waste crying aloud for the renewal of youth. The very name is strictly descriptive of the country, set as it is "in the midst of rivers," the four streams of Eden—Pison (now a flooded swamp west of Babylon), Gihon (now the Hindia branch of Euphrates), Euphrates proper and Tigris. Tigris rises a little north of Diarbekr and Euphrates about Erzerum; but this



THE TIGRIS—EUPHRATES DELTA.

Which Sir W. Willcocks proposes shall be irrigated.

good government merely. Some of the best land is "Sunieh," i.e., it belongs to the Sultan's private domains, and its revenues go to swell his civil list. Abdul Hamid laid a heavy hand on the riverine Arabs who had settled on the irrigable and therefore prosperous banks of the great rivers. By arbitrary seizure of the banks themselves he in effect "froze out" the owners of the back lands, because the value of the land is the water, and without irrigation facilities the back land was worthless. He annexed them and they were tilled by cultivators who were, in many cases, the original dispossessed owners. They came into his employ and worked them for his personal profit. What is not "Sunieh" is nevertheless Government property in the main. That



THE POSITION OF MESOPOTAMIA.



IRRIGATION LIFTS SEEN FROM THE RIVER.

and a little in private hands is cultivated by men who pay a tithe of produce. Because Mesopotamia is always regarded by the Turks as conquered territory, though the conquest is four centuries old, all produce has to pay a double tithe, *i.e.*, a fifth.

Unhappy as this has been for the native Arab, it considerably simplifies the problem of extended irrigation. If Mesopotamia comes under British influence, whether as a newly constituted Arabian Khalifate under British protection, or as an appanage of the Egyptian Sultanate, there will be no difficulties of compensation or expropriation. The land will remain State owned, to be improved and leased in such fashion as may most benefit the population. There will not be the difficulty of setting up a scheme of compensation, for there are practically no freeholds to disturb.

Already we are knocking at the gate, for our troops have penetrated as far from the Persian Gulf as Gurna. It is a far cry of some hundreds of miles to Bagdad, and a river

campaign would mean vast transport and gunboats on the Tigris. However, that is a military problem with which we are not now concerned, and when the Turkish Empire falls, the future of Mesopotamia will be settled by larger considerations than as to whether Turkish or British troops hold Bagdad on the day peace terms are dictated.

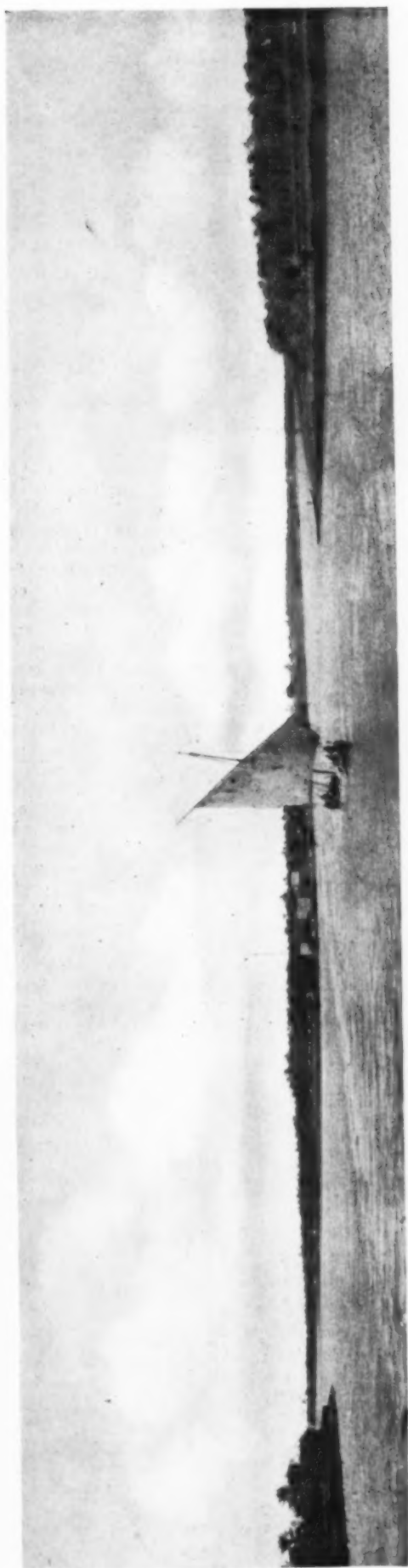
By long years of activity in policing the Persian Gulf we have established a reasonable claim to possess its northern hinterland. As the country is at present, its value is small, but there is no reason why, in point of fertility, it should not prove quite as valuable, if not much more valuable than Egypt. The area covered by the Tigris-Euphrates delta is about 5,000,000 hectares, which represent more than 12,000,000 English acres. Scattered districts on the banks of the two great rivers and some of the old canals are well irrigated, but most of it is done by very primitive methods. The accompanying photographs, taken by Mr. David Forbes, junr., when he drove a motor-car for the first time from Alexandretta across



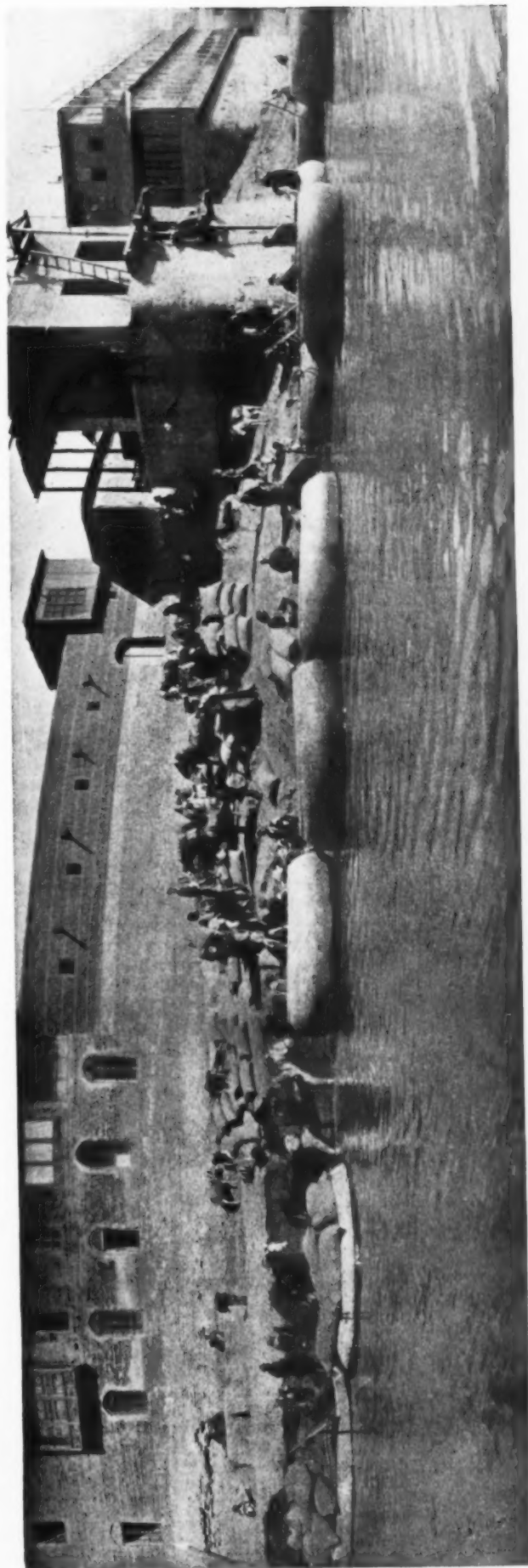
MULES WORKING IRRIGATION LIFT.



PRIMITIVE HOIST FOR WATER LIFT.



THE SHAAT-AL-ARAB, AT CONFLUENCE OF EUPHRATES AND TIGRIS.



A RIVERSIDE SCENE AT BAGDAD.



EZRA'S TOMB ON THE BANK OF THE TIGRIS.

the desert to Bagdad, show the *charads* worked by mules and oxen. This system is laborious and inefficient despite its picturesqueness, and in any large scheme modern engineering would drive out the mule and the ox. As it is, however, the amazing fertility of this delta soil produces two crops a year. Wheat and barley are grown in the winter, following irrigation from November to May. Rice, melons, etc., need water from April to September. If cotton were introduced, the irrigation would be wanted during September and October.

Sir W. Willcocks' scheme, which he prepared as Adviser to the Turkish Ministry of Public Works, provides for the irrigation of about 3,500,000 acres. Only a trivial part of it has been carried out. The cost of the works would be not much less than £30,000,000, but it would increase the value of the land from what is now practically nothing to over £100,000,000. On the Willcocks figures it would seem that the gross annual value of produce of the irrigated area would be about £40,000,000. The significance of these gigantic figures to an importing country like England needs no emphasis. Sir W. Willcocks points out that if Mesopotamia exported no more of its products than represented the annual rental of the irrigated land, their value would exceed £5,000,000. It is obvious, however, that such an agricultural population as would be created could only consume a very trivial proportion of its products.

There is nothing unreasonable in the idea that there would be available, for export, foodstuffs and cotton to the value of about £30,000,000. It must be remembered that

the soil yields two crops a year. These estimated figures may be considered in the light of our present imports. Taking the Willcocks figure of £6 a ton for cereals, the value of the export of cereals might be as much as £13,000,000. At present we import cereals from British possessions to the value of about £17,000,000 (taken on the 1913 figures), and from foreign countries to the value of about £20,000,000, or, say, roughly, £37,000,000 in all. Mesopotamia would therefore add nearly one-third to our available supplies. The case of cotton is even more striking. During the last few years the British Government has made enormous efforts to increase the British-grown supply of raw material, which is of such vital importance to Lancashire. Before Egypt recently became a British Protectorate our import from foreign countries, including Egypt, was 2,100,000,000lb. and from British possessions only 72,000,000lb. Even with Egypt counted as British the disproportion remains as great as 1,700,000,000lb. of foreign origin, and 470,000,000lb. British origin. If Mesopotamia under British influence were to yield, as is possible, about 750,000,000lb. of cotton we should be well on our way to securing nearly half our raw material from countries under British control.

Statistics are notoriously misleading, and never more so than when they are based merely on estimates. The above figures may fairly be used, in Joseph Chamberlain's phrase, only as illustrations. Doubtless experts, who are familiar with the statistics given in the Government Statistical Abstracts, would find a dozen reasons for quarrelling with the figures set out above, but any corrections they might



"GOFHER" OR CORACLE WITH GRAIN CARGO ON EUPHRATES.

make would not affect the main argument. By the Willcocks scheme over 3,500,000 acres of the most fertile land in the world can be made available by the capital expenditure of less than £10 per acre (after which the annual cost of cultivation would be trifling as compared with agriculture in cold or temperate regions), and the product of this reconstituted Garden of Eden would add enormously to the world's stock both of food and of the raw material for clothing. So much for Mesopotamia as a granary.

Its possibilities as an imperial oil reservoir are, perhaps, even greater. At present Great Britain has to rely almost wholly on sources outside the Empire for the chief future source of mechanical power. If it should prove that beneath the Mesopotamian soil are vast lakes of oil, as some authorities claim, its significance as an industrial asset might exceed even its agricultural value.

There is little doubt that the oil deposits and the other mineral wealth of Mesopotamia were the magnet which drew the Germans into their Bagdad railway scheme, which we may hope is destined to be completed by Great Britain. Sir Boverton Redwood regards the natural oil wells close to the Tigris as yielding a finer product even than the Russian wells in the Caucasus. But for the strenuous proceedings of the Arabian caliph who massacred a German engineering mission authorised by Abdul Hamid and defeated the Turkish troops who tried to punish him, the Germans might now be installed in Mesopotamia. As it is, the field will, we hope, be open to British enterprise, except in the neighbourhood of Syria, which France has always claimed as within her sphere of influence. Not less fascinating, moreover, is its aspect as a settling ground for an industrious agricultural population.

The enthusiasm with which we may be filled by Sir W. Willcocks' irrigation scheme must be tempered with the remembrance that the Garden of Eden is now a desert and supports only a trifling population. If the engineers could conjure barrages and canals out of a bottle there would be no one to till the irrigated fields. There are not enough Arabs to do it, if they would, and many of them remain faithful to a nomadic life. The experience of India goes to show that it takes a long time to settle people on newly irrigated land, even when it is no great distance from their own home, and when the invitation means exchanging destitution for prosperity. But the growth of the scheme will give great opportunity to the Imperial statesman.

The trouble which lately came to a head in South Africa, and especially in Natal, in consequence of the settlement of a large number of natives of British India, was only a symptom of a far reaching difficulty which has yet to be solved. India's growing population, delivered in the main from the menaces of plague and famine, will increasingly demand an outlet. After the superb Indian service in the war this wish cannot be lightly dismissed. Mesopotamia may not provide a complete answer, but under British influence, with all that would mean in the establishment of irrigation

and the assurance of settled conditions of life, it would at least be an important contribution. The climate of the country is not unlike that of the Punjab, and the distance from India is small. There is no question of dispossessing an existing population, for the numbers supported by what is now an arid waste are only a trifling percentage of what would be possible after irrigation. There is, moreover, the outstanding fact that the Willcocks scheme is perfectly impracticable without people to develop the new means of wealth. Such a population could, perhaps, by the exercise of wise statesmanship, be settled as rapidly as the engineering scheme proceeded, but it would need to proceed *pari passu*.

From whatever point of view Mesopotamian irrigation is regarded, it calls to mind the vast gap there is between the huge human effort involved in digging the old canals by hand and the great army of "steam navvies" which would now be brought to bear. The pipes everywhere would be of metal, and Portland cement would be used on a vast scale for the dams. "Indeed, to these three essentially modern productions will be due in great part the renewing of an ancient country."

What Great Britain has done for Egypt she could do for Mesopotamia. The spirit in which it would be done shines through the closing words of Sir W. Willcocks' report on his scheme, written from Bagdad:

"The last voyage I made before coming to this country was up the Nile, from Khartoum to the great equatorial lakes. In this most desperate and forbidding region, described by travellers as 'a damp hell,' I was filled with pride to think that I belonged to a race whose sons, even in this inhospitable waste of waters, were struggling in the face of a thousand discouragements to introduce new forest trees and new agricultural products and ameliorate in some degree the conditions of life of the naked and miserable inhabitants.

"How should I have felt if, in traversing the deserts and swamps which to-day represent what was before the Arab conquest the richest and most famous tract of the world, I had thought I was a scion of a race in whose hands God had placed, for hundreds of years, the destinies of this great country, and that my countrymen could give no better account of their stewardship than the exhibition of two mighty rivers flowing between deserts to waste themselves in the sea for nine months in the year, and desolating everything in their way during the remaining three? No effort that Turkey can make can be too great to roll away the reproach of these parched and weary lands, whose cry ascends to heaven."

Turkey has failed to make the effort. Since Sir William wrote, the gods have driven the Sultan's advisers to that madness which comes before destruction. We may hope that the cry of Arabia will not be for ever the voice of Infelix, but that British energy will roll away the reproach and restore felicity to a smiling land.

Bread or Meat.

WHICH DOES BRITAIN NEED MOST?

A REPLY BY MR. CLEGHORN.

I THANK the correspondents who have been so kind as to refer to my article on "Bread or Meat," published in the issue of March 6th. Perhaps I may be permitted to say, in reply to Professor Wrightson and Mr. Matthews, that I do not think there is any disagreement between my general proposition, that "any substantial increase of wheat or other cereals would, in the near future, interfere with the meat supply," and the statement that "it is a matter of common knowledge that an absolute and permanent increase of arable land carries with it an increased capacity to fatten stock as well as to yield additional grain crops."

In speaking of an increase in cereals, I had in mind the urgent representations made, from various sources, to obtain increase in the immediate future, more particularly for next harvest, and I do not see how any such increase can or could have been brought about on a fairly substantial scale without interfering with the production of roots or young rotation grasses. At the time of writing (early March) any increase of corn would necessarily have been at the expense of roots or young grass. Some oldish grass could, no doubt, be

ploughed next autumn for sowing in the spring of 1916, but before ploughing any such grass it would be necessary to determine how it was going to be dealt with in future years. On many farms there are one, two or three fields of unprofitable grass which could be taken into the arable area without raising difficulties, either because the existing strength and accommodation are sufficient to cope with it, or by the simple expedient of allowing fields, now left in grass for one year, to lie two years. But this would not sensibly increase the land under corn and roots each year. If a substantial and permanent addition to the corn and root area is contemplated, then, obviously, other questions are raised which must be settled before the land is taken out. More labour will be required, and more cottages will have to be built; the stabling for horses and housing for cattle will require to be extended. In many cases entirely new steadings would have to be erected and much draining and fencing done. This would cost a great deal of money, and occupy a considerable time, apart altogether from the scarcity of labour in all trades. A material increase in the corn area obtained in this way is not, therefore, readily practicable.

In answer to Mr. Wadworth, it is, of course, true, as regards cereals, that Great Britain can, and does, grow quantity as measured by the yield per acre, but in relation to wheat, we have not yet been able to produce high quality as well. Further, it is just because other countries could produce wheat more cheaply than we that wheat growing in this country declined. Moreover, in those parts of Great Britain where roots are grown at their best, and fed to stock, the area of wheat which can be sown in autumn is mainly restricted to the proportion of the root area which can be cleared sufficiently early, and spring sowing is limited by the consideration that only a small area can be subjected to the risks of a late harvest.

In answer to Mr. Long, regarding pig production, I calculated on two litters, of eight pigs each, per annum, or sixteen pigs (which I know can be done if care be taken) of 15st.—which is a very moderate weight for the pig fattened in the North—equal 240st. or 1½ tons.

In considering this or any other question it is of no use looking to the far future, when very different conditions will most likely prevail; the most we can do is to have regard to those years in front which are well within our vision, and I would say as regards grasslands—in full agreement with several of your correspondents—that it would be folly to think just now of ploughing up the really good, permanent pasture. We may put that aside; but having done so, there are the 3,000,000 acres or so which have been permitted to go to grass during the last thirty years or thereabouts, which we may well think of. I referred to this land in an article in *COUNTRY LIFE* on October 10th last. Some of this is good grass, which should not be ploughed unless conditions change greatly from what they were before the war; a portion was never adapted for tillage, because it is too steep and difficult to cultivate; some—suitable for cropping—could only again be put under the plough if money were spent on buildings, drains and fences, and this expenditure would only be justified if corn prices were likely to remain sufficiently good over a long period. But after allowing for these areas, which are, I think, outside the scope of present tillage activities, there is a considerable balance which would certainly pay to plough out, and either keep in tillage or lay to temporary or permanent pasture, as circumstances might dictate. In this connection the letters of Messrs. Carter and Mr. Arthur Sutton are of importance. I have seen the lean years following the old ways of laying away or "letting lie," and they were both lean and long. I have also seen the results of modern methods, illustrated, among other places, at Cockle Park by Professor Gilchrist, and also in actual farm practice. These show, without doubt, that it is now quite possible to have a profitable pasture right away from the beginning. Messrs. Carter and Mr. Sutton both mention factors which are essential to success, but, without detracting from their importance, I would lay stress on the enormously important part played by clover, which, again, depends largely on liberal supplies of phosphatic food. The rediscovery of wild white clover—it is a pity it is so costly—has worked a revolution in the laying away of pasture, either temporarily or permanently.

The taking away from pasture of the land I have referred to could be fully met by improving the remainder by phosphatic dressings. It could, indeed, be far more than met, and so breeding would not be interfered with.

Of course, the question of economics underlies all others; farmers will only produce what it pays them to produce, and rightly so. Hitherto it has not paid them to grow wheat; whether they will be justified in growing it in future depends on conditions which cannot be at present clearly seen or forecast. It has, however, paid them to produce livestock and meat and milk, and this branch of farming is likely to continue profitable. It seems, therefore, common-sense to give first place to this branch during the near future, as in the past, more particularly as other circumstances make necessary the conserving and extending of the home-produced part of our supply of meat, if we are to have sufficient for our needs.

J. CLEGHORN.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF PASTURES IN THE NEW FOREST.

STR.—Before considering what steps are to be taken in respect to the improvement and increase of pasture or arable, it would be wise to consider if we are making the best use of what we have already. Let me give an instance. The New Forest is best known to most people for its scenery or as a delightful spot for a picnic; but those who live there know it also as affording a great deal of excellent pasturage to ponies, cattle and pigs owned by poor men. The Forest is Crown property, but there are a number of commoners who have rights of which that of pasturage is one of the most valuable and important. There was at one time a great jealousy of the commoners' rights on the part

of the Crown officials; this no longer exists, but some of the consequences are still felt. The Forest system is that, under certain conditions, those who are occupiers of the lands to which Forest rights are attached have the right to pasture ponies, cattle and pigs in the Forest. Everyone knows that there are a number of ponies in the Forest, and that they have of late years been greatly improved, and that these ponies are sold at a much higher price than formerly. Indeed, the breeding and sale of New Forest ponies is now an important local industry. The ponies are for the most part in the hands of small commoners, although all classes are represented among the breeders and owners. But it is not so well known that there are also a large number of cows kept on the Forest. These, too, have been greatly improved of late years. The foundation stock is the old Forest cow, but great use has been made of Guernsey bulls. There are, too, in some parts of the Forest some blue Welsh cattle from Pembrokeshire. These cows give milk of excellent quality, and there is a good deal of butter made, which fetches a good price. In addition to the ponies and cattle there are a number of pigs which are turned out in the autumn to fatten on the abundant supplies of acorns, beech nuts and Spanish chestnuts which are found in the Forest. One man turned out over a hundred pigs last autumn, and sold them at very remunerative prices. The pigs, like the cattle, have been greatly improved in the last few years, owing chiefly to the good work done by the Burley and District New Forest Pony and Cattle Society.

All this is very satisfactory, and gives a living to a very deserving class—the small commoners of the Forest. But the Forest might carry a much larger amount of stock than it does if the pastures were improved, as they might and ought to be. As a pasturing ground, the Forest has been systematically neglected for many years past. The pasture is steadily diminishing in quality and quantity. Naturally, the New Forest has, or should have, a wide extent of varied and excellent feed on it. What is needed is systematic and scientific burning of the large open tracts, the draining of the bottoms and the destruction of a large number of small, self-sown trees which are invading and deteriorating the pasture without any corresponding advantage to forestry interests. It is, perhaps, a smaller matter, but is nevertheless true, that these useless trees are spoiling the beauty of the Forest, and that many lovely open spaces are gradually being disfigured by them. But the principal evil is that they weaken the pasture. There is another matter that deserves attention—the care of the gorse. This is a most valuable feed. The young shoots are readily eaten; ponies and cows browse on them in the spring, while later the seeds are most useful for the same purpose. Everyone knows that gorse requires a certain amount of care. The deer on the Forest are not only picturesque, but they are useful in keeping down certain plants which would spread to the detriment of other pastures. In fact, deer, ponies, cattle and pigs—the last named in the autumn—contribute to improve the feed for each other, and should be kept in due proportion in order to preserve the balance of the Forest flora.

There are, too, a great many—too many—rabbits, and probably, under proper conditions, ferreting would be the best plan for keeping them under. Trapping and snaring would, for many reasons, be impossible, besides being most unpopular. There is no reason to make a war of extermination on the rabbits; every reason for reducing their numbers. Whatever may have been the attitude of the officials in the past, it is well known that the present Government is anxious to do its best for the foresters. At the present time these immemorial smallholders and the food supply of the nation could be assisted by a systematic and scientific effort to improve the pasturage of the Forest. The Board of Agriculture has given premiums for improved stallions for the free use of the commoners with the best results. These efforts should be extended by giving premiums for bulls and boars in order to improve further the cattle and pigs kept by the commoners. In these ways much might be done to improve our magnificent national inheritance in the Forest, and to increase the food supply without interfering with other kinds of farming. Speaking roughly, it ought to be possible to increase the stock on the Forest by one third, and to improve its quality almost indefinitely.—T. F. D.

ENGLISH SOIL BEST SUITED FOR ARABLE.

STR.—I have come to the conclusion, after nearly fifty years' experience in the production of British grain, meat and milk, that the greater part of the easily tilled soils are much better suited for arable than pasture or meadow land, provided sufficient agricultural labour at a price in proportion to the value of the resultant production can be obtained; also, that the charges in the shape of rates, etc., should be more equitably adjusted and of consequently reduced amount, as such land is capable of producing as much or more meat per acre as it now does when in poor pasturage, and in addition fair crops of grain, etc.; but to enable this to be done, the prices of grain must be equal on an average to 42s. per quarter for wheat, 60lb. to the bushel; 33s. for barley per quarter, 50lb. to the bushel; and 24s. for oats, 39lb. per bushel; or in the case of the two latter, the equivalent prices of prime qualities of pig meat 8d. per pound, 9d. for beef and 10d. for mutton on the hoof—of course, much less in the carcase. Wheat at this price would produce bread at from 1s. to 1s. 1d. per gallon, and barley and oats and their by-products from malt, meat as enumerated and milk in proportion. The above prices would appear to be the minimum that a farmer should obtain to meet the increase of fully 20 per cent. in wages, etc., that has taken place during the last few months, and which is not likely to diminish much in the near future. With regard to lands in the valleys of rivers and streams and others of a wet or retentive nature, it appears that the most profitable and best use they can be put to is in pasture or meadow, with few exceptions, for the production of milk and meat. In advocating these systems, it should be borne in mind that the rearing of all animals is much more successful on farms where plenty of straw and litter are grown, as comfort and warmth for young animals are as essential as enough good food, in addition to which very young cattle and sheep are subject to many more diseases on much of the best valley lands, and for years to come it would appear that the raising of every head possible should be a great aim. Although at the moment the demand has overtaken production, it appears probable that the production of beef and mutton will soon increase, as in many countries very little labour is required and prices are tempting.—EDWARD EAMES, Compton, Winchester.

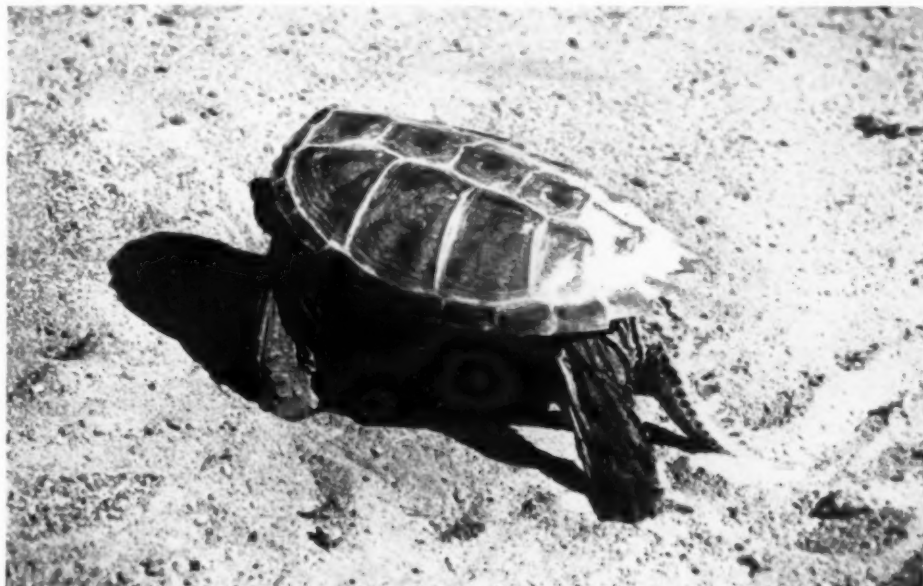
THE SNAPPING TURTLE.

BY CHARLES MACNAMARA.

IN that part of the Ottawa Valley where I live only two species of chelonia are found—the painted turtle (*Chrysemys picta*), popularly known in this district as the “mud turtle”; and the snapping turtle (*Chelydra serpentina*). Both are entirely aquatic in their habits, and rarely leave the water except to lay their eggs. The painted turtle is the more abundant, and, from its custom of crawling out on logs and rocks to sun itself, is much oftener seen, and consequently better known than the “snapper,” which, though it exists in far larger numbers than is generally suspected, evidently finds concealment best suited to its predacious mode of life. In its business it does *not* pay to advertise.



ADULT SNAPPING TURTLE WITH NECK DRAWN IN AND MOUTH OPEN READY TO BITE. (About one-sixth natural size.)



SHOWING LARGE CRESTED TAIL WHICH MAKES CHARACTERISTIC TRACK IN THE SAND. (About one-fifth natural size.)

The snapping turtle has a very extensive range, being found over the whole of the United States east of the Rockies, and as far south as Ecuador, while to the north it extends probably to 50deg. north latitude. It grows much larger than its “painted” brother, specimens with a carapace length of 2ft. being sometimes taken. Besides its strong, thick tail, its chief characteristic is its long neck, which it can dart out with astonishing rapidity to seize its prey or attack an enemy, and from this it gains its popular name. Its powerful jaws, though toothless, are bony and sharp, and are capable of inflicting a serious wound on the careless captor. The carapace of the adult animal is composed of

smooth, well defined, greenish brown plates. The plastron and under parts of the animal are yellowish. Very old individuals evidently lead sedentary lives, and thus avoid the proverbial opprobrium of the “rolling stone,” for their shells are often thickly coated with moss.

On land they can walk briskly enough on their long legs, but the water is their real element, and they swim easily and well, although, of course, their lines are not designed for speed, and they can remain submerged for long periods.

As the “snapper” is well able, and always more than willing, to take a strong offensive—ever the best means of defence—it does not stand in need of a capacious shell, like many of its milder-mannered relatives, into which to retire



THE SMALL PLASTRON LEAVES THE UNDER PARTS UNPROTECTED. About one-fifth natural size.



TRACK OF FEMALE SNAPPING TURTLE SEEKING NESTING PLACE.

About one-eighth natural size.

out of harm's way. Consequently its carapace scarcely covers its retracted head and folded tail, while its cruciform plastron is narrow and small, and leaves the under parts practically undefended. The animal generally has a very unpleasant, musty smell, and always exhibits a most savage temper. Its favourite habitat is small, sluggish streams and swamps, where it lies concealed in the mud and weeds, darting out its long neck to seize its food. It is purely carnivorous in its diet, and destroys large numbers of fish and, when it can get them, young waterfowl. On this account we must class it as a decidedly injurious animal, although in some places it is regularly used for food, and is said to be often seen on sale in the markets of the Southern United States.

About the middle of June the females leave the water at night to deposit their eggs. They crawl out on some sandy beach and scrape shallow, saucer-shaped depressions in the loose, dry surface sand in order to reach the firmer layer of damp sand beneath. On the beach I examined, these depressions were about 6in. deep by 14in. or 16in. in diameter. The turtles seem to be rather fastidious in their choice of a site, for they always make a number of these hollows before finally tunnelling into the damp sand. The tunnel, which

is the actual egg receptacle, is of an oval section about 3in. by 4in., and slopes at an angle of 20deg. or 30deg. into the damp sand to a depth of 4in. or 5in. The eggs, which just about fill this tunnel, are all deposited at the same time, and the sand scraped over them again and roughly heaped up. When the "nest" is completed the bottom of the



SNAPPING TURTLE'S "NEST," SHOWING EGG TUNNEL WITH THE EGGS REMOVED.

About one-fourth natural size.

tunnel is about 10in. from the surface. The eggs of nearly all the other chelonia are oval in outline, but those of the snapping turtle are perfectly round. They are just about 1in. in diameter, and have a stiff, parchment-like shell of a creamy white or pinkish colour. A friend tells me that he has eaten them as a boy, and to the omnivorous appetite

of youth they were very well flavoured. Although the dawn of motherly affection is to be seen in animals much lower in the scale of life than the snapping turtle, these latter are entirely devoid of the maternal instinct, and after depositing their eggs they leave them to be hatched out by the heat of the sun, and take no further interest in them whatever.

Three nests that I examined, and for observation purposes designated Nos. 1, 2 and 3, contained thirty-one, forty-five and forty-nine eggs respectively. Another nest, No. 4, was found later to contain none but infertile eggs.

The eggs in nest No. 1 were deposited during the night of June 11th-12th, the others between June 13th and June 16th. The development of the young is slow. On July 30th the embryos in nest No. 1 were perfectly formed, but were



YOUNG SNAPPING TURTLE JUST OUT OF THE SHELL. (Actual size.)

by their elders, and made no attempt to bite. A couple of them I brought home could not be induced to eat anything, and persisted in burying themselves in the damp sand with which their box was provided. Nest No. 2 hatched out about September 23rd, but about one-third of the eggs were infertile.

As in the case of nest No. 1, the young made no attempt to leave the sand, and it seemed evident that they intended to spend the winter there, for on September 24th the young of nest No. 1, hatched twelve days before, were still buried. As the thermometer not infrequently goes down to 30deg. below zero here, I was looking forward with interest to see how the young turtles would stand the intense winter cold, for they were certainly not below the frost line; but at this point my investigations were arrested.



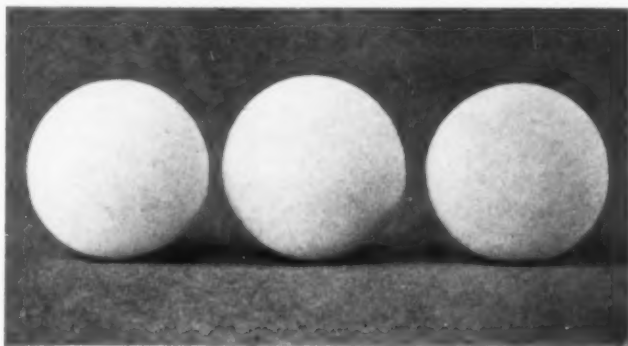
NEST OF SNAPPING TURTLE RAIDED BY SKUNK. EGG-SHELLS SCATTERED AROUND.

small and quite colourless except for the dark eye spots. By August 10th they had assumed the black coloration peculiar to the immature young, but there was still a quantity of the yolk of the egg to be absorbed. On September 8th the yolk was nearly all gone, and on September 12th the young were out of the shells—an incubation period of exactly three months. They all, however, remained buried in the sand, and those I dug up began to burrow again as soon as I laid them down. They were thickly smeared with egg matter and damp sand, but when washed clean appeared as stout little jet black creatures, with ridged and tubercled carapaces about 1½ in. long, and quite soft as yet. When their heads were drawn in they looked remarkably like large pickled walnuts. They seemed to be ignorant of the "Kultur" practised

In July and August I had several times noticed skunk tracks on the beach, and knowing the marauding habits of this animal I felt somewhat uneasy for my turtle eggs. But at this time they escaped, for there was no visible mark on the surface of the sand to reveal the position of the nests, and before the young emerge the unbroken eggs have no

smell that could give the skunk a clue. But when the young come out they have a strong odour that quickly betrays them to the enemy, even through the 6 in. or 1 ft. of covering sand. And so on September 25th a skunk discovered nest No. 1, and ate all the young turtles. The raider also ate all the infertile eggs of nest No. 4, and dug up and destroyed two other nests near by, which I had not known of before.

About October 5th nest No. 2 suffered a like



EGGS OF "SNAPPER."
Actual size.

fate. There still remained nest No. 3, which was some distance away from the others. On October 6th only three young had emerged from the eggs in this nest; two or three had died in the shell, twelve eggs were addled and insects had attacked others, and the shells were full of small white maggots. But twenty-seven eggs were apparently good, and just on the point of hatching. But some time between the 6th and the 11th a skunk found this nest also, and ate everything in it—live turtles, dead and decaying turtles, unhatched eggs, addled eggs and maggots. It must be admitted that the skunk seems to

lack those discriminating niceties of taste that mark the true epicure.

Thus of the six nests on this beach, containing probably 250 eggs, not a single young turtle survived to reach the water, and if any of them had escaped the land risks, no doubt another set of dangers awaited them in the stream. However, any large increase in the "snapper" population would mean the annihilation of all forms of aquatic life, and in view of their destructive habits and their singularly unattractive personality, we can contemplate their fate with small regret.

THE YOUNG GARDENER'S MENTOR.

THERE is no hobby or occupation in which a book is more useful to the beginner than gardening. It is his monitor and his memoriser. No one, until he has actually started to handle the great variety of seeds, plants, manures and so on connected

with the garden, can form any conception of the tax upon his memory. And the old experienced gardener cannot quite understand this. He has probably planted and sown in spring, tended his nurslings during the period of growth, and enjoyed their beauty when they came to fruition so many times, that instinctively he knows what to do. There is no need for anybody to keep the calendar for him.

It is very different with the beginner, especially as many beginners are by no means in their first youth. The best beginner of all, of course, is a child who inherits a taste for gardening and a love of it from his parents. He begins without books, without lessons, and imitates until he attains a certain natural proficiency of his own. But, fortunately, gardening is one of those pursuits which exercises a glamour over those of riper years. The older one gets, the more one learns to love the simple, healthy work of the garden; the more one delights in watching those processes of growth which are of its essence, and the more one would extend cultivation so as to produce greater and greater effects. To the wants of this class must be attributed the great popularity which was established at once by Mr. E. T. Cook's "Gardening for Beginners" (COUNTRY LIFE Library) when it was originally published. It became in a moment, as one might say, a work that the young gardener, or those young at gardening, loved to have beside him to consult as a wiser friend might be consulted, and sometimes to use simply as a delightful book of which one could turn the leaves and dream dreams of what could and could not be grown.

It is thirteen years since the volume was originally published, and during that time no fewer than five editions were printed of it previous to the one now issued, which is the sixth. It was not found practicable for Mr. Cook on this occasion to see the book through the press, as he has now changed his sphere of activities and is engaged in the work of helping Colonials to attain some of that gardening

skill for which those in the Old Country have been so greatly distinguished. Fortunately, an excellent substitute was found in Mr. F. W. Harvey, the editor of the *Garden*, whose knowledge and practical experience of horticulture have enabled him to increase vastly the usefulness of the book.

The principal editions are chapters on the Heath Garden, the Wall Garden, the Paved Garden, the Bog Garden, and Re-planting or Renovating Borders. Several more illustrations have also been added and some coloured plates, so as to keep the book thoroughly up to date. In a way, it may be said that this is advanced gardening; but we hope that he who starts as a beginner with this volume as his guide will go on year by year adding to his knowledge and skill so that he will finish by becoming a master of the craft.

For the novice there is really no better advice to be given than the wise words with which Miss Gertrude Jekyll prefaced the first edition. Its moral is, learn and watch little things. Success in gardening means the achievement of perfection, and a motto might be "Beware Ambition." There is nothing worse than a garden stuffed full of things which the owner has not yet been able to manage or show to the best perfection. "Simplicity," says Miss Jekyll, "is the beginning and the end of all good things in gardening."

As an example, she points out that "a child might be taught, as a first lesson in planting, to make a little edging of white Pinks or of Thrift or of London Pride, and would be rewarded by seeing the result of its work a year after in its full beauty of young strength of bloom. Thirty or forty years later, the same child, now grown to full years of experience, will look at such a little two-year-old border, and will see that it is always a thing perfectly good of its kind, and a living source of satisfaction and delight." This is a delightful instance, and even the elders may remember that in art, as in other things, it holds true that no one may enter unless he become as a little child.

"It is easy to go wrong," to quote again the words of the most famous gardener of our day, "especially at first, by trying to use too many things at a time." Her final advice is that the best way for the gardener is to train



JAPANESE ANEMONES GROUPED FOR EFFECT.

his mind "to the modest level of regarding himself always as a beginner." That is the end by which he will ultimately acquire the power "which will enable him to use all his material with an aim as true and an attainment as sure as the child with his simple edging of one well known and well loved little flowering plant."

There in a few words we have the secret of all successful gardening. It is impossible to add to this more than the comment that it



A BORDER OF MIXED MAY - FLOWERING TULIPS.

expresses the very spirit that animates the book. Nor can any advice be more wholesome than that whosoever enter this garden gate should read and digest Miss Jekyll's austere yet simple and wise preface.

It is comparatively easy to obtain pretty photographs of flowers, but, as our illustrations show, the pictures in this garden-

ing guide also display knowledge both in grouping and in the choice of site, adding greatly to its educative value.

EARLY POTATOES ON THE DEVON CLIFFS.

NOT at first glance would one expect to find advanced cultivation at an altitude of two hundred and fifty feet, where the cliff top is crowned with wind-battered thorn bushes, at the foot where the waves, remote and small, creep slowly up the shingle. Midway between, while yet the winds of March are blowing overhead, is a summer profusion of foliage, bud and blossom. For here is interposed in the barren cliff a space for a natural

garden, greatly favoured in situation and richly productive. All along the six sunny miles of Devon coast, from Sidmouth to Branscombe runs a fertile belt. In some places it is a mere ledge, half a dozen feet wide; in others, a stretch of gently sloping terraces, covering an acre or more of ground, with here and there a descent so steep that even a tuft of grass can scarcely find holding room. And on this sheltered undercliff are grown some of the earliest and best English potatoes.



GENERAL VIEW OF WESTON CLIFFS.

No one seems to know how long these gardens have existed. Branscombe potatoes are famous throughout the district, and are not unknown further afield, and "Branscombe," in reference to potatoes, is merely a generic name for the whole range of cliff gardens, of which the principal are Branscombe itself, Weston and Salcombe Regis. The

soil is composed largely of earth from the cliff top and sand worn away from the rock by the constant erosion of winter storms and deposited on the terraces below. Conditions of growth are very favourable, and cultivation is by no means



POTATOES IN A CLIFF GARDEN: EARLY APRIL.

someone who has accomplished the arduous ascent of Salcombe is horrified to see a sturdy labourer, spade on shoulder, swing across the strip of level sward which constitutes the hilltop and disappear over the verge, apparently into empty space; but a cautious inspection from the extreme edge of the height reveals the

supposed suicide 50ft. below, making his way down a path so narrow, so broken and so well hidden that its existence is never suspected. No one who is inclined to giddiness should attempt to traverse these paths. In wet weather especially are they dangerous, as the ground becomes so slippery that a firm foothold is impossible, and a false step might mean a fatal fall.

Some parts of the Salcombe cliff are so steep that no path can be made there, access to the lower plots being obtained by means of a rope attached to stout iron pegs driven into the rock face.

Frequently these gardens form part of the upland farm upon which they abut, and are rented—at a



AN UPLAND FARM.

costly, as the gardens, facing south, receive the sun all day long, and are naturally irrigated by the springs which trickle from the cliff above, while the staple fertiliser is seaweed, obtainable in large quantities from the beach below.

At Weston, where the gradients are tolerably easy, nearly all the haulage is done by donkeys; but their employment is restricted at Salcombe Regis by reason of the steepness and difficulty of the paths. There most of the carrying is undertaken by the cultivators themselves.

Few only of Sidmouth's many visitors are aware of these productive patches on the face of the cliff. Occasionally



CLIMBING UP FROM HIS PLOT.

figure which makes profitable tillage quite possible—by the potato grower from the farmer, who usually does not care to work the ground himself. Planting commences about the beginning of February, and potatoes are often ready for lifting upon May 1st. Fancy prices are obtained locally for the earliest roots dug, and the whole of the first crop may be valued at 6d. a pound. A few small consignments are sent to London dealers, but local



WESTON CLIFF DONKEYS WITH PANNIERS LOADED ON FOLDING SADDLES.

buyers and the large Sidmouth hotels are always quite ready to take all that are offered, and the demand is invariably in excess of the supply.

The cultivation of the cliff gardens is done in the spare time of the men who rent them, all of whom have other employment. As the long-shoreman is to the deep sea fisherman, so is the cliff cultivator to the farmer. He is the free-lance of agriculture.

MELVILLE MACKAY.

AN ARTIST'S BIRD BOOK.

SURELY they must be stout hearted mariners at "The Sign of the Ship"—Messrs. Longmans' emblem—who would put out to sea in these stormy times with such a large venture as a new book on *British Birds*. That is what they have done. And it is certain that one thing only could justify their courage, namely, that the book should be a very good one; and this is a justification which may fairly be claimed by the fine work before us (*British Birds* (Vol. I), by A. Thorburn). It is the first of four volumes that are promised us, of which the total price will be 6 guineas net. It is, therefore, rather on the scale that is termed "sumptuous," though, of course, it does not compare in cost with such greater works as those of Lord Lilford, for instance. It does, however, suggest some comparison with them; and it is very much to say in its favour that it does not come off badly in that comparison.

The book is by, and is illustrated by, Mr. Thorburn. That is a name which gives a guarantee for the excellence of the pictures, provided the mechanical processes of reproduction have been well done, and in the book before us they are admirable. The colours are as true to life as in any attempts ever made to give, in this way, the hues of the birds, so gay and yet so delicate and subtle. They are drawn with all Mr. Thorburn's known skill and truth, and exhibit the birds in lifelike poses full of the character of each species. Delightful is the thrush, with that sideways cock of his head as he looks down on the wretched snail that he has just bashed against a stone to see whether it is getting free of the shelly fragments clinging to it. Perhaps the best sample of all the pictures is not that which has been taken as the frontispiece. It is a page on which are grouped together a raven, a jackdaw and a magpie. The raven, pecking at a ptarmigan, is the foremost figure, and we hardly think his colouring is quite truly given. The attempt has been made to suggest that sheen of purple, overlying the black, which we see in Nature on the wing coverts of the raven. In this picture the under-colour of ebony has been a little too much sacrificed to the purplish, brownish gloss. It is a gloss which varies, naturally, with every change of the angle from which we view it. That is, perhaps, what makes it such a desperate venture for the painter to essay with his pigment.

This is criticism, and it is the critic's duty to be critical, but if we might let ourselves speak of the book without such necessity laid upon us, any little comment of detail would be swallowed up in our admiration and praise of the whole. The birds are not shown here each on a page, but we do not think that the book loses in attraction by that. A number, varying according to the natural size, appear on a page grouped together, not so crowded as to look as if they were jostling each other, but just so that one can compare them conveniently as they stand side by side. And who is there who can claim to be so keen sighted and so sound in his knowledge as to distinguish at a glance little people so much alike as some of the warblers? Here we have them arrayed before us with just that little distinction in the manner in which the yellow line is drawn across the eye which is almost the only identification mark; and when we find such a bird in our gardens and do not know its species, we may bring out the volume and, with binoculars turned on him and the page before us, may find out all about him as surely as if we were looking up a lord or lady in the peerage.

This, as aforesaid, is only the first volume of the four in which the work will be completed. Those of us who have attained to anything like years

of discretion were brought up with a classification of birds which placed the predatory hawks and eagles first. We have altered all that now, and this first volume gives us none of them, nor of the game-birds, nor the swimmers, nor waders. All these are to come, but we have many of our most familiar little friends in this first volume. Nobody can mistake them; and they are all sketched in their familiar surroundings—the creeper clinging on the tree bark, the wagtails paddling in the pools and so on. Thus the pictures themselves are lessons in little of the habits of the birds, and each species has besides a brief but sufficient piece of descriptive text given with it. Mr. Thorburn makes some slight apology for this text, the writing being not quite so much his proper business as the picture making. But his words need no apology. They are always, so far as we have seen, accurate and adequate. That the reader may learn all that is known of the birds from such short notices is not possible, nor is it claimed. He must go to more extensively written books for this. But he gets a hint of the ways of each bird and of its general habits. He must fill in details from elsewhere. Especially Mr. Thorburn disclaims any originality for his observations on the birds. He has, indeed, observed them personally, and with a faithful eye, but has nothing new, on his own account, to tell us about them. He takes his descriptions from other writers and from the common coin of ornithology. We should expect no more, and if more had been tried the attempt would not have had good results. As it is, we have here the book which many have wanted, a book to which we may turn when in any doubt as to a native species of bird, with a practical certainty of being able to identify it.

Irish readers may complain, with some justice, that Mr. Thorburn does not give them a picture of the Irish variety of the coalit, which, in the opinion of so good a judge as Mr. Ogilvie Grant, is so well established as almost to deserve specific rank. In England or Scotland it is extremely unlikely that we shall find a bird whose portrait does not appear very well rendered in this book, always provided it is of any of the species comprised in the purview of this earliest volume.

Lest our readers should take Mr. Thorburn's disclaimer of literary merit too literally, we end by quoting a little vignette in prose of our familiar friend the blackbird:

"This handsome species, with velvety-black plumage and 'orange-tawny bill,' is to be found in almost every garden and shrubbery throughout our islands. It is also widely distributed in Europe, Asia, and Africa. The nest, made of grasses, twigs, moss, and leaves, with a layer of mud, is lined with grass and placed in some bush or hedge. The eggs, varying in number from four to six, are bluish-green, freckled with reddish-brown.

"The fine melodious notes of the Blackbird, begun early in the year, especially if the weather be mild, are continued through the greater part of the summer.

"At times he is a good mimic, and will imitate the voices of other birds. I have heard one, which haunted a garden, finish off his own familiar song with some of the musical notes of the Australian Piping Crow, learned from some captive birds in an aviary near by.

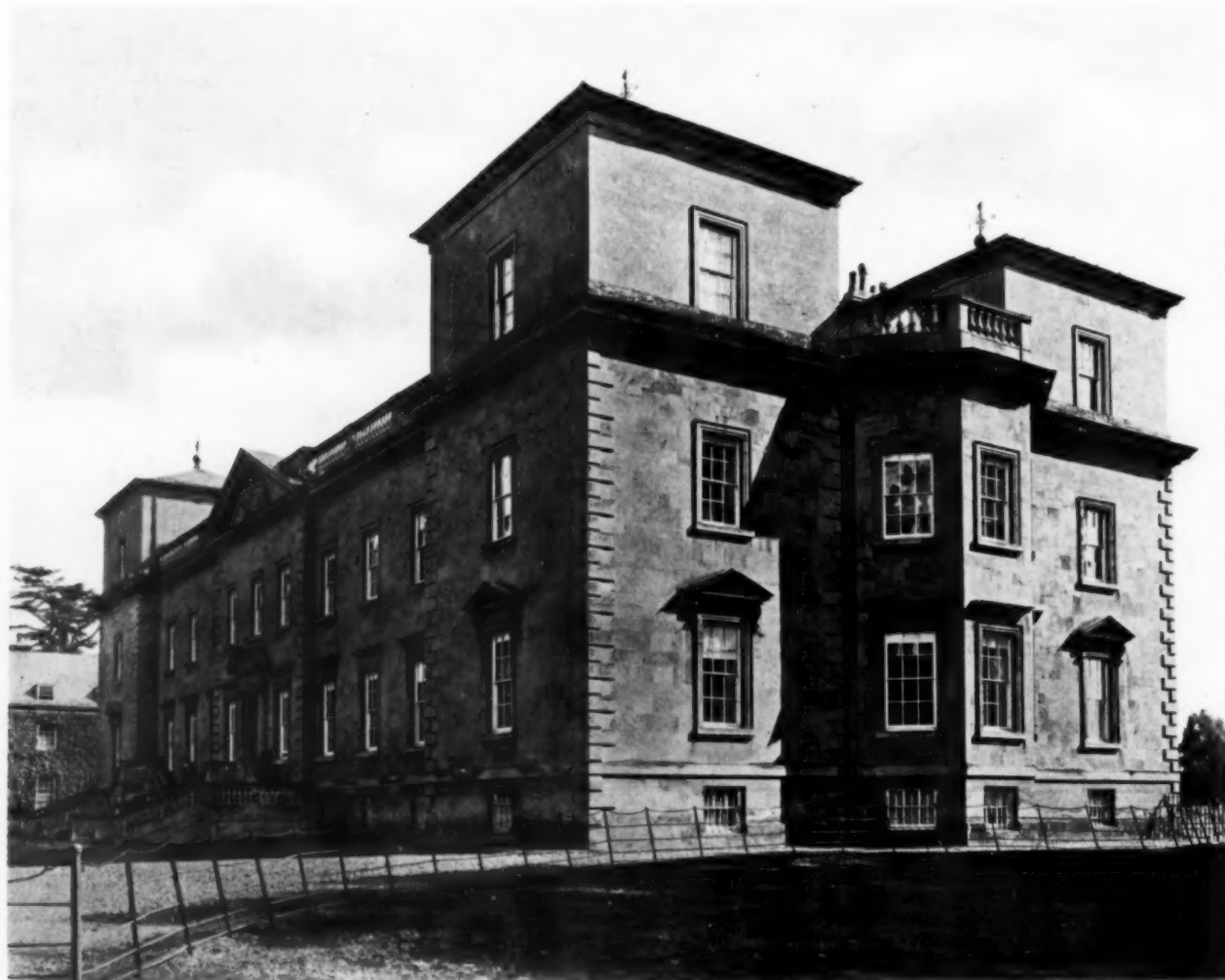
"The Blackbird is an early riser, and leaves the shelter of the hedgerows and bushes at the first streak of dawn, to seek the worms, grubs, and insects which are its principal food, although in late summer and autumn various fruits and berries are consumed."



LYING immediately south of the ever faithful city of Worcester, and halfway between it and Tewkesbury, Croome Court owes much to the River Severn. The lakes created by Lancelot Brown, winding through its park, imitate the larger bends of the river as it runs northward from its junction with the Avon at Tewkesbury. The long ridge of the Malvern Hills shelters the level plain in which Croome lies on the west, and towering Bredon protects it on the east. The Avon, winding its way between Worcester and the eastern hills, forms, with the Severn, the two sides of a triangle, whose apex is at Tewkesbury, and Croome is contained in the centre. This lie of the country explains the great work of the sixth Earl of Coventry, in the building of bridges and works of drainage. We are told by Judge Perrett in his charge to the Grand Jury at Worcester that his Lordship might truly be said to have brought millions of money into the county of Worcester by his exertions in the improvement of public roads and buildings, by his encouragement of all its useful public institutions, and by his constant attention, directed to every object

connected with its general order and prosperity. For this great outlay other properties were drawn upon, and, unfortunately, the ultimate result has been a very poor one for those who have sunk such large sums in the development of the land. A letter from the sixth Earl to Sanderson Miller of Radway, written in 1752, says: "Dear Miller,—Whatever merits it (Croome) may in future time boast it will be ungrateful not to acknowledge you as the primary author. . . . It was owing to your assurances that Nature had been more liberal to me than I apprehended." And again in January, 1756: "Croome is a good deal altered since you saw it, but I fear will never deserve the encomiums you have so plentifully given it." It is necessary to bear these letters in mind, because the energetic Lancelot, or "Capability," Brown, who was employed to lay out the grounds, contrived to annex all the credit to himself for house and church as well as for the gardens. The design of Croome Court, however, bears the strongest resemblance to that of Hagley, where Sanderson Miller was afterwards architect for Lord Lyttelton.

In 1752 George William Coventry, the sixth Earl, married Maria Gunning, the elder of the two famous sisters. "Two



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ENTRANCE FRONT FROM SOUTH-WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Irish girls of no fortune, who are declared to be the handsomest women alive. I think their being two so handsome and such perfect figures is their chief excellence, for singly I have seen much handsomer women than either; however, they cannot walk in the park, or go to Vauxhall but such mobs follow them that they are generally driven away." Such is Walpole's brief characterisation in June, 1751, of the lady, while of the bridegroom he writes: "Lord

in 1759, and all this interest and curiosity aroused by the admired beauty ended next year in her tragic death from consumption at the very early age of twenty-seven. Reynolds' great portraits of the young couple adorn the saloon at Croome.

Lord Coventry, who had been appointed Lord of the Bedchamber in 1757, resigned with Lord Rockingham in 1770. He had married again in 1764 Barbara, daughter of



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THE ADAM PORTICO.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Coventry is a grave young Lord of the remains of the Patriot breed."

We hear in July, 1752, of a shoemaker at Worcester who makes two and a half guineas by showing Lady Coventry's shoe at a penny apiece, and of "a blue dress with spots of silver as large as a shilling and with silver fringes," which led George Selwyn to tell the Countess that "she would be taken for change for a guinea." That was

Lord St. John of Bletsoe, who died in 1804. It was after this second marriage that Robert Adam completed and decorated Coventry House in Piccadilly in a splendid manner between 1765 and 1767. Gilly Williams writes to George Selwyn, Xmas day, 1764. "You will be glad to hear for the children's sake that Lord Coventry has bought Sir H. Hunlock's house in Piccadilly; the little ones will have much better air in those attics than in those lodgings they

at present inhabit." These were the three children of the first marriage. Lady Anne, the second daughter, was a particular pet with Selwyn at the time. Lord Coventry lived until 1809, and is commemorated at Croome by an interesting classical vase set upon a pedestal, inscribed:

Sacred to him the genius of the place
Who reared these shades and planned these sweet retreats,
With every incense breathing shrub adorned,
And flower of fairest hue.

Lord Deerhurst, the eldest son, who met with a desperate, but not fatal, horse accident in 1780, when hunting with the Duke of Beaufort's hounds, became seventh Earl in 1809, and was Recorder of Worcester and High Steward of Tewkesbury, dying in 1831. The eighth Earl died in 1843, and was succeeded by his grandson, the present Earl, who was born in 1838, and has just celebrated his golden wedding.

The founder of the family was John Coventry, citizen of London, and one of the executors of Dick Whittington. He was High Sheriff in 1416 and Lord Mayor in 1425. Sir

and Custos Rotulorum for the county of Worcester, P.C., and D.C.L. He died in March, 1751, and was succeeded by his second son, the sixth Earl, who, while Lord Deerhurst, must have already commenced operations, because Sir Edward Turner writes to Sanderson Miller on August 20th, 1748, "Lord Deerhurst has conducted his river well," and again, in November, 1751, "Lord Coventry is furnishing his house with elegance. He complains of its amplitude." The building of the present Croome Court involved pulling down the older house, which stood on a different site in the park, and it was also necessary to transfer the church of St. James the Apostle to its present more elevated position. The cedars of Lebanon, for which the park is remarkable, are among the earliest grown in England, the seed having been sent from Sweden by Sir Henry Coventry about 1640. Usually exempt from being struck by lightning, one was recently damaged in that way.

There are herons in the park, about eighteen or twenty nests. Formerly ravens frequented the elms, and



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THE LONG GALLERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Thomas Coventry, his descendant, was Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in 1606, and, marrying Margaret, daughter and heir of Jeffries of Earle's Croome, or Croome d'Abitot, had a son Thomas, who in 1628 became the first Baron Coventry. In 1621 he had been Attorney-General, and four years later Lord Keeper of the Great Seal. By his second wife he had a son, Sir John Coventry, Member of Parliament for Weymouth, who on December 21st, 1670, was assailed by a party of courtiers supposed to have been set on him because of a criticism he had made in Parliament at Charles II's expense. Following upon this the "Coventry Act" was passed providing for his assailants' banishment, and expressly depriving the King of power to pardon them. The fifth son was the Sir William Coventry, Secretary to the Admiralty, of whom we hear so much in Pepys' Diary. He died in 1686.

Thomas, the first Earl, was created by King William in 1697. William, the fifth Earl, was Clerk of the Green Cloth and Member of Parliament for Bridport, Lord-Lieutenant

the owls are specially protected. In 1860 an earthquake shock was felt, but fortunately no great damage was done. It is impossible, with our present information, to say at what stage in the progress of the works at Croome Robert Adam first appeared upon the scene. The earliest existing drawing of his for work in the house itself would appear to be a design for the gallery ceiling, dated September, 1760. This was not executed, being set aside for one dated March, 1761, which shows the elongated octagons and lozenges that we see existing.

The library ceiling is dated January, 1763, while the latest date is 1791 for a gateway design, so that Robert Adam's connection with the work extended over the thirty years of his career. The Earl of Coventry was one of the six pall bearers at his funeral in Westminster Abbey in March, 1792. Evidently the hall, saloon and other principal rooms, excepting the gallery, library, and tapestry room, were already completed in the earlier Georgian manner, of which they are, in fact, refined examples. As interiors

they are remarkable for their total effectiveness. In the saloon the silvery lacquer of the old gilding on the ceiling is a notable feature. For the gallery, library, tapestry room and one bedroom there are undated Adam drawings.

The ceilings, however, as separate designs, are dated 1760-3, and the chimneypieces 1762-5. The gallery,

sketches in oil, nailed up to show the arabesque stuccos, of the Shardeloes type, intended to be carried out. It is very interesting that these sketches should still be there, as only on the fireplace side have the actual stuccos been executed. The painted wood curtain boxes and the original curtains still surround the windows. In this fine room, with its central bay window, some seventy persons can easily dance.



Copyright.

THE GALLERY FIREPLACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

occupying the whole wing of the house, has the characteristics of the earlier Adam work. The marble fireplace in the centre, with life-size figures holding a swag of flowers, is flanked by three niches on either side all fitted with copies of antique statues, exactly as in the dining-room at Sion. The other walls are panelled, and still have full-size shaded

The Adam settees and chairs and the fine tapering standards in the house for lamps are all good examples. There are also many wheel back chairs and a carpet worked by the second Lady Coventry, Barbara St. John, to Adam's design and colouring. The Worcester china services made for the sixth Earl must be of great value.



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CEILING OF TAPESTRY ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

In the library the bookcases in fine old tawny mahogany attract attention. They are somewhat like those in Nostell, only simpler in their disposition and decoration, while more precious in their material. It was at first intended to fit up the gallery as a library, and these cases agree with Adam's first design for that room. The ceiling of the library is an interesting example of the early type. In the fine collection of old gilded calf-bound books are many treasures; Leoni's "Palladio" and Desgodetz' "Rome" illustrate the sixth Earl's interest in architecture. The tapestry room contained

a fine Bouchier-Neilson set such as exists at Newby, and when sold it realised £50,000. Selwyn's correspondence tells us that Lord Coventry was to go to Paris, August, 1763: "His errand is to buy furniture, to talk of tapestry, and to pay for importing a worse thing than an English courier could have helped him to." The joke is against the candid friend, Gilly Williams.

The Adam ceiling is of the early Syon type. The mantelpiece is from an Adam drawing of 1762, modified by the introduction of Early Georgian carved ornaments.



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A CORNER OF THE SALOON.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

In what is called on the old plans "The Lord's Dressing-room" is a mantelpiece in wood with well carved swags.

The mantelpieces, with long fluted and decorated consoles, in the bedrooms immediately over the gallery follow an Adam drawing. On the walls of the staircase hangs an immense picture of a horse which distinguished itself at Westwood in 1640 by winning a perpetual £800 a year in a match between Sir Henry Coventry and Sir John Packington. As an outcome of this match the Coventry Charity, a hospital at Droitwich, was founded and still exists upon the revenue, since reduced by agreement, charged on three farms belonging to the losers.

The building of the house involved a new church as well, though it is possible that parts of the old masonry were transferred to the new site and were re-used in the present structure, particularly in the case of some canopies and perhaps also in that of the parapets and pinnacles. It is a problem who was the architect of this interesting specimen of eighteenth century "Gothick." Sanderson Miller might have done it, but seeing that Robert Adam was making the existing drawings for interior work at this very church in 1761, and looking moreover at the general character of the work, it seems practically certain



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THE LIBRARY.

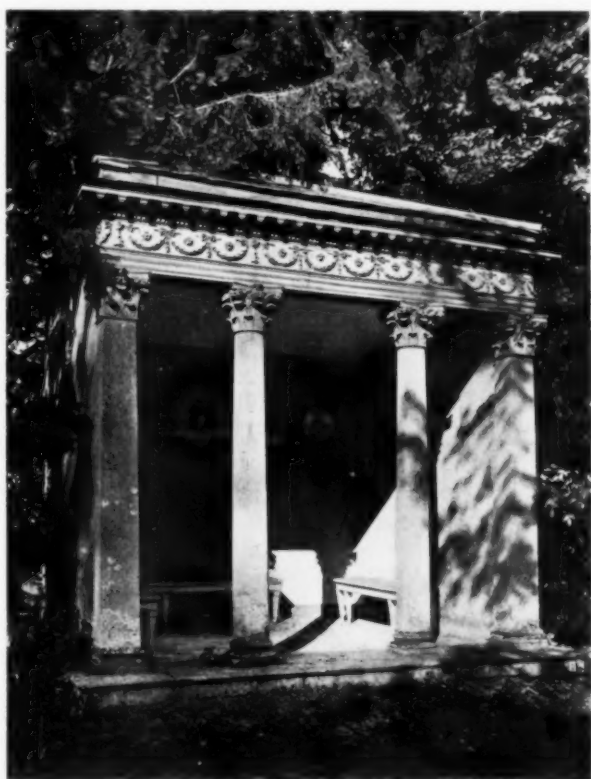
"COUNTRY LIFE."

that the latter was the author of the entire church.

The faculty to take down and rebuild the church of St. James the Apostle bears the date of March 16th, 1758, and the deeds of conveyance of the two sites that of July 4th in the same year, but the agreed plan, annexed to the deed, is for a small classic structure very like the chapel at Compton Verney, only with a western portico of four columns.

The consecration of the fabric took place on June 29th, 1763. I am obliged to the Clerk of the Diocese for these new and important facts.

Which add greatly to the probability of Robert Adam's authorship of the existing church. It was mentioned in the article on Harewood that Robert Adam made a sketch in April, 1759, for the addition of a belfry stage in the "Gothick taste" to that old church. Croome Church is very well placed on the rising ground in a gap between the trees, which gives emphasis to the western tower, whose base is an octagonal dome vaulted porch. Adam's drawing for a metal gate to this porch is dated 1763. Like most churches of the time, the whole body is comprised in a single span of roof. The internal pillars, quatrefoil in plan, run up to longitudinal beams which serve to carry the barrel



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TEMPLE SEAT ON ISLAND.



ADAM COLUMN IN THE STABLE YARD.

"C.L."

plaster vault of the nave and the flat ceilings of the aisles. Everything is amusingly decorated with tracery as understood at the time, and the "Gothick taste" is emphasised by as many cusps, foils and lozenges as could be crowded in. The pulpit is a great effort in "Gothick," while the font keeps more closely to the Renaissance type. In the chancel are the fine monuments belonging to the last half of the seventeenth century and erected to the former Earls. Lining both side walls and well lit by the east window of the chancel they produce a picturesque effect. In the nave on the north side is a stately monument to Sir Henry Coventry, who was buried at Croome in 1686. It was rescued by the present Earl from the crypt of St. Martin's in the Fields. On the east wall of the nave is a good sculptural wall tablet to the sixth Earl, who died in 1809, aged eighty-eight. For fifty-eight years he had been Lord-Lieutenant of the County of Worcester.

It is a characteristic of Croome Court that so much interest lies in its grounds, where, scattered about at numerous points of vantage, are several buildings by Robert Adam, of which the drawings fortunately exist. Some of the later structures subsequent to Adam's death are believed to be by James Wyatt. Between the church and the lake stands the orangery of 1760, with a columned and pedimented façade somewhat like the one at Osterley Park. A fine specimen of Adam's garden buildings, it is remarkable for the well executed pediment carving of a basket of flowers.

There is a crude draft of June 4th, 1759, for this building, which can hardly be by Adam, in view of the very superior design and drawing dated 1760. It seems, however, to connect Adam with Croome as early as the year 1759. The most original and interesting of Adam's garden buildings at Croome is, perhaps, the circular belvedere known as the "Panorama." Adam's own description is, "Design for a building between the Woods," which answers very well to its locality, only to-day one of these woods has been thinned out. The building stands on an elevated position,



Copyright.

PANORAMA TOWER.

"C.L."

and the view commanded by it is most extensive. In the original design the main building was square, the angles being treated as piers, flanking the four half-circle, recessed porticoes one on each face.

In converting it, as built, to a circle, arches have been introduced, piercing the solids, which give a cross view, and also link the four alcoves together. The adjacent entrance, with piers, gates and a lodge, is from an Adam design, modified by the re-erection of the lodge as a two-storey, and more convenient, lodging. The main entrance to the park is by a grand archway, flanked by Ionic coupled columns. The panel in the attic is decorated with a graceful bas-relief figure, very possibly in marble or terracotta.

It is remarkable how much terracotta was used at Croome. The two great sphinxes on the portico steps are of that material. So is the casket of the cenotaph to Lancelot Brown, erected October 25th, 1809, most probably from James Wyatt's design. It is inscribed:

TO THE MEMORY OF
LANCELOT BROWN
WHO BY THE POWERS OF
HIS INIMITABLE
AND CREATIVE GENIUS
FORMED THIS GARDEN SCENE
OUT OF A MORASS.

The effect of the whole on its tall shaft is distinctly graceful. It is placed close to the path which circulates round the lake. Near at hand is an archway under the road faced with blocks of deeply rusticated terracotta, on which Coade's name appears with the date 1797. At the entrance to the nymphaeum, or artificial grotto, at the head of the lake is built in a terracotta panel, inscribed:

EN — SCOPULIS PENDENTIBUS ANTIM
INTUS AQUÆ DULCES VIVO SEDILIA SAXO
NYMPHÆ DOMUS.

This panel, like the reclining figure of the nymph, was from Coade and Sealy's works at Lambeth, and illustrates the



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THE CHURCH AT CROOME.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

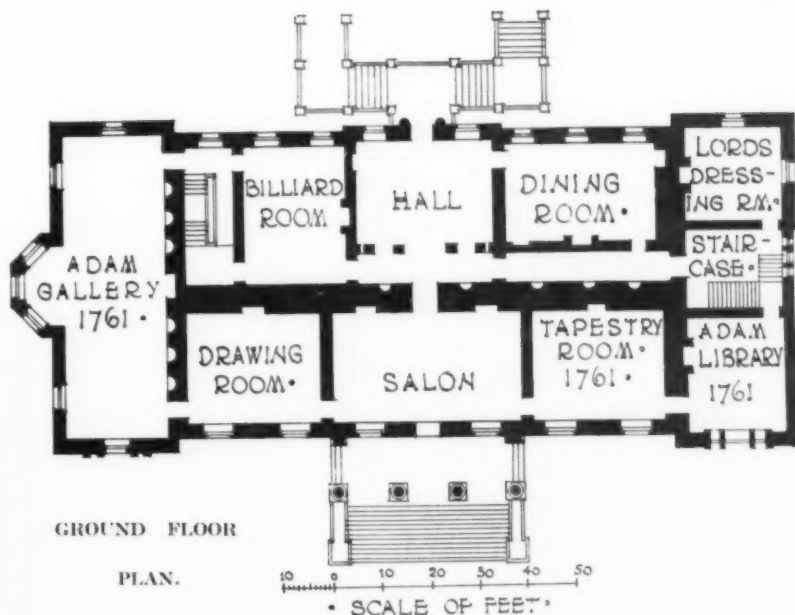
durability of the material. Like all the early examples, it is a pale biscuit colour. The grotto has Derbyshire spar, West Indian shells and other natural curiosities built into it.

The path along the lake then reaches an interesting foot bridge of an arched form, constructed of wrought iron bars, as frames to carry the planking. By this means the main island is reached, on which is a small rectangular temple of a Corinthian order in antis. The walls inside have



IN THE WALLED GARDEN.

for thinking that this may be a very early work by Adam, in which his own views as to detail were not adhered to. Beyond it, in the deer park, is an alcove seat, set on a high level to command the winding course of the lake, and a good



pretty bas-relief panels in the Adam style, as well as characteristic wood framed and ornamented seats. The lakes are haunted by wild duck, and provide good shooting. Closer to the house is a circular temple with a dome, the detail of which, particularly inside, is in the Early Georgian style. There are some reasons, however,

distant view of the south front of the house. The drawings for this, made in 1766 by Robert Adam, have been exactly carried out, except that the flutings of the columns and some other ornaments have been omitted, and the scale has also been reduced, doubtless on reconsideration of the locality and the distance at which it was to be seen.

Away behind this, distant about half a mile, is one of those strange Gothic ruins that the taste of the age demanded. Of one such perpetrated by Sanderson Miller, Horace Walpole declared that it had "the true rust of the Barons' War." It seems strange that Adam, as a trained architect, should have lent himself to these mock ruins; but it is very difficult to run counter to the sentiment, however false, of any age.

It is part of Johnson's distinction that he saw through and exposed the then prevalent cant of naturalism. In the walled garden is a pretty sundial on a triangular base, and in the stable yard stands a stone column carrying a lamp. A letter from Robert Adam to the sixth Earl has been seen, in which he explains that he has given much thought to the design of this centre feature, and his drawing is to a larger scale than usual. It is, in fact, a characteristic of Croome Court that a scrupulous nicety of taste presided over the whole work, and even the Early Georgian work aims at a harmony and refinement which were not generally observed in the generation antecedent to Robert Adam.

ARTHUR T. BOLTON.

RUSSIAN FAIRY TALES.

THE TWO HERMITS.

TRANSLATED BY STEPHEN GRAHAM FROM THE RUSSIAN OF SOLOVYOF.

IN the desert of Nitria in Egypt two hermits were saving their souls. Their caves were quite near one another, but they never entered into conversation unless it were to sing psalms at one another or call one another by name now and then. In this way of life they passed many years, and the fame of their sanctity spread beyond Egypt and into many lands. But in course of time the devil, mortified by their holiness, succeeded in tempting them. He snared them both at the same time, and, not saying a word to one another, they gathered the baskets and pallets which in their long spare time they had plaited from grasses and palm leaves and they set off together for Alexandria. There they sold their work, and on the money they got for it they spent three gay days and nights with drunkards and sinners, and on the fourth morning, having spent everything, they returned to their cells in the desert.

One of them wept bitterly and howled aloud. The other walked at his side with bright morning face and sang psalms joyfully to himself. The first cried:

"Accursed that I am, now am I lost for ever. I shall never outpray my hideous sin, never, never. All my fasts and hymns and prayers have been in vain. I might as well have sinned all the time. All lost in one foul moment! Alas! alas!"

But the other hermit went on singing, quietly, joyfully. "What!" cried the first hermit. "Have you gone out of your mind?"

"Why?" asked the joyful one.

"Why don't you repent?"

"What is there for me to repent of?" asked the joyful one.

"And Alexandria; have you forgotten it?" asked his companion.

"What of Alexandria? Glory be to the Almighty who preserves that famous and honourable town!"

"But what did we do in Alexandria?"

"What did we do? Why, we sold our baskets, of course, prayed upon the ikon of holy St. Mark, visited several churches,

walked a little in the town hall, conversed with the virtuous and Christly Leonila——"

The repentant hermit stared at the other in pale stupefaction.

"And the house of ill fame in which we spent the night?" said he.

"God preserve us!" said the other. "The evening and night we spent in the guest house of the patriarch."

"Holy martyrs! God has already blasted his reason," cried the repentant hermit. "And with whom did we get drunk on Tuesday night? Tell me that."

"We partook of wine and viands in the refectory of the Patriarchate, Tuesday being the festival of the Presentation of the Most Blessed Mother of God."

"Poor fellow! And whom did we kiss, eh?"

"We were honoured at parting with a holy kiss from that father of fathers, the most blessed archbishop of the great city of Alexandria and of all Egypt; yes, and of Libya and of Pentapolis and of Kur-Timothee with its spiritual court and with all the fathers and brothers of his divinely appointed clergy."

"Ah, why do you make a mock of me? Does it mean that after yesterday's abominations the devil has entered into possession of you? You embraced sinners, you accursed one!"

"I can't say in whom the devil has found a home, in me or in you," said the other; "in me when I rejoice in God's gifts and His holy will, when I praise the Creator and all His works; or in you who rave and call the house of our most blessed father and pastor a house of ill fame and defame the God-loving clergy, calling them sinners, as it were."

"Ah, you heretic!" screamed the repentant hermit. "Arian monster! Thrice accursed lips of the abominable Appollonion!"

And the repentant hermit threw himself upon his companion and tried to kill him. But failing to do that, he grew tired of his efforts, and the two resumed their journey to their caves. The repentant one beat his head on the rock all night and tore his hair and made the desert echo with his howls and shrieks. The other calmly and joyfully went on singing psalms.

In the morning the repentant hermit made the following reflections: "Just think of it. I had earned from Heaven especial blessings and holy power by my fasts and my

podvigs." (*Podvig* is a Russian word for holy exploits and victories, especially for those consisting in a denial of the world.)

"This has already become evident by the miracles and wonders I have lately been enabled to perform, but after this that has happened, all is lost. By giving myself up to fleshly abomination I have sinned against the Holy Ghost, and that sin, according to the word of God, will be forgiven me neither in this life nor in the life to come. I have thrown the pearl of heavenly purity to be trampled under feet by swine, by devils. The devils have taken my pearl, and, no doubt, having stamped it into the mire, they will come after me and tear me. Well, well; if I am irrecoverably lost, whatever is there for me to do out here in the desert?" And he returned to Alexandria and gave himself up to a life of debauch. Eventually, on one occasion when he was hard up, he conspired with other vagabonds, fell upon a rich merchant, killed him and robbed him. He was tracked down, caught and tried in the courts. The judge condemned him to death and he died without repentance.

But his old companion continued his holy life, his *podvizhnichestvo* (the life of going on doing *podvigs*, the continuance of denial of the world), attained a high degree of sanctity and became famous through the many miracles wrought at his cave-mouth. At a word from his holy lips a woman past the age of child-bearing yet conceived and brought forth a male child. When at last the good man died, his shrivelled and worn out body suddenly, as it were, blossomed in beauty and youth, becoming translucent and filling the air with a heavenly perfume. Over his holy relics a monastery was built, and his name went forth from the church of Alexandria to Byzantium and thence to the shrines of Kiev and Moscow.

The lesson of this story is, according to Barsonophia, who told it, that there are no sins of any importance except despondency. Did not both these hermits sin alike, and yet but one of them was lost, namely, he who desponded.

Barsonophia was a pilgrim from Mount Athos who used to say: "Eh, eh, don't grieve about your sins, be done with them; they don't count. Sin 539 times in a day, but don't grieve about it; that's the chief thing. If to sin is evil, then to remember sin is evil. There is nothing worse than to call to mind one's own sins. . . . There is only one deadly sin, and that is despondency; from despondency comes despair that is more than sin; it is spiritual death."

IN THE GARDEN.

THE SMALLER SPRING FLOWERING BULBOUS PLANTS.

DURING the spring months, when we have such a wealth of large-flowering Daffodils, Hyacinths, Tulips and Crocuses, many of the smaller, though no less beautiful and interesting, bulbous flowers are fre-

quently overlooked. Yet one would not like to think of a garden or woodland space without some, at least, of these gems. Although planting is, of course, an operation for the autumn, we can, at the present time, record in our diaries those that please us most, and also places for which they are peculiarly adapted, so that when the planting season does come bulbs can be procured and planted without delay. In



AN EFFECTIVE GROUPING IN THE ROCK GARDEN OF NARCISSUS BULBOCODIUM CITRINUS, A CHARMING VARIETY OF THE HOOP PETTICOAT DAFFODIL.

garden phraseology the term "bulbous" includes all those plants which form a swollen, underground stem—not quite a botanical classification, but, nevertheless, one that is quite useful for practical purposes.

Owing to their dwarf stature many of these spring flowers

are particularly suited for the rock garden. Here one may find them nestling in nooks sheltered by large boulders of limestone or sandstone, their miniature blossoms never failing to appeal to all who appreciate perfection on a small scale. But we find that to get the best effects the bulbs must be grouped in colonies, of at least a dozen for the smallest nook, to a hundred or more where a miniature bay or ravine

has to be filled. The illustration of the sulphur coloured hoop petticoat Daffodil (*Narcissus bulbocodium citrinus*) conveys the lesson of grouping more vividly than the most descriptive pen could do. Here we see this little gem to perfection, yet if it were represented by a solitary flower the picture would not be worthy of a second thought. Hence the first lesson to learn is to group these small types, whether they are grown in the rock garden, shrub border or the more or less cultivated spaces of the woodland. The *Narcissus* family is rich in miniature kinds. Thus for very early days we have minor minimus, a perfect little all-yellow trumpet Daffodil that rarely grows more than 4 in. high. Then a little later comes the golden cyclamineus, with its curious reflexed perianth so reminiscent of the *Cyclamen*. At Wisley this is planted by the hundred on a grassy bank, where at this season it creates a picture of rare beauty, and excites the interest and admiration of visitors as few other plants do. *Moschatus* of Haworth, also with reflexed perianth, and almost white blossoms, triandrus albus and several other forms of the Hoop Petticoat *Narcissus*, in addition to the one illustrated, are all gems worthy of inclusion in the most select rock garden.

When we come to other bulbous flowers of lowly habit the number is almost legion, and in an article of this kind it is impossible to do more than briefly refer to a few of the best that are not too well known. The *Anemone* family is a particularly rich one. I suppose every dweller in the country is familiar with the beautiful native wood *Anemone* (*A. nemorosa*), which studs the greensward in places that are not too dry with its dancing white blossoms, set off to perfection with the green ruff that surrounds each. Yet everyone does not know that there are several beautiful varieties of it that ought to be in our gardens. As they appreciate shade we cannot do better than follow Nature and group them under lofty trees, near the greensward or actually in it, if possible, or, failing that, in a select part of the shrub border. *Robinsoniana* is the best of all the varieties to be had in quantity. It has large, single flowers of pale lavender colour, and is an ideal companion to the wilding. Blue Bonnet, as its name implies, has large, blue flowers. It is too expensive yet for general planting, but a few roots ought to find a choice spot in the shrub border or shady nook of the rock garden. *Allenii*, which is illustrated, is also comparatively rare. It has flowers of a charming lilac shade, and when more plentiful will be a very great addition to the wood *Anemones*. *A. apennina* and *A. blanda*, two distinct species, both have glorious blue flowers, and never look better than when massed beneath shrubs as one sees them at Kew. Here they get just the amount of shade required during the summer, while in spring they give a carpet of blue that once seen is not likely to be forgotten.

The Snake's-head *Fritillaries*, with their quaintly chequered, pendulous flowers, are ideal for damp, grassy places. Although natives of this country, they are by no means common, and in a wild state appear to be dying out, hence if we would have them in our woodland glades a note should be made to purchase bulbs in autumn. Then, for masses of blue we can rely upon the *Muscari*. That named Heavenly Blue is a gem, and grouped in quantity on a grassy bank will create a picture of iridescent blue, such as we usually associate with the higher Alps. Nor must we overlook the *Chionodoxas*, the Glories of the Snow as many delight to call them. *C. Lucilæ* has sky blue flowers, each with a dainty white eye, but for a grand display I prefer *sardensis*, which is almost gentian blue in colour. Grouped in the shrubbery or under lofty trees, with the common *Snowdrop* (*Galanthus nivalis*) it will give such a perfect colour scheme of blue and white as few other plants are capable of. In the rock garden, too, it is valuable, either alone or in association with the ordinary *Snowdrops*. *Scilla sibirica*, which opens rather later,

is another gem with blue flowers. These differ in shape from those of the *Chionodoxas*, but it is equally valuable for massing in rock garden or shrubbery. Planted among hardy Ferns under lofty trees it is seen to perfection, thrusting its way between the russet brown fronds that every good gardener will allow to remain on the Ferns. Closely akin to the *Scillas* is the little Lebanon Squill (*Puschkinia scilloides compacta*, or *P. libanotica*). It is rarely seen, so one can only conclude that it is known only to a few. Yet it is a gem for the rock garden, where its flowers are seen to perfection during April. These are white, with china blue stripes, and always remind me of a dainty little piece of blue and white porcelain. It grows but 6 in. high, and should be planted in autumn.

Of dwarf, bulbous Irises suited for the rock garden there are several, notably *I. Danfordiæ*, with yellow flowers, and *I. reticulata*, with violet coloured blossoms that are deliciously fragrant. There are several varieties of this, one with bright blue flowers, named *Histrio*, and another with white blossoms, listed as *Histrio alba*. It is rare at present, but is a gem of the first water. *Krelagei* has claret purple flowers, blotched with golden yellow, and is particularly fragrant. There are a great many more dwarf bulbous spring flowers that one could mention, but enough has, perhaps, been said to draw attention to some, at least, that are worthy of more extended cultivation than they receive at present.

SWEET PEAS FOR GARDEN AND HOUSE DECORATION.

ONE is constantly hearing that the modern Sweet Peas are less desirable flowers for the garden than the old varieties that used to delight our forefathers, a few of which may still be occasionally found lingering in remote cottage gardens. Large, floppy blossoms, awkwardly poised on 18 in. long stems and almost devoid of the delicious fragrance that gave the Sweet Pea its specific name of *odoratus*, are now considered essential, with the result that many owners of gardens refuse to regard them as suitable for anything more than the exhibition table.

Just how much this retrogression has been brought about by modern methods of cultivation it is impossible to say, but he would

be a bold writer who would assert that the craze for size has not had a detrimental effect on the flower. It is impossible to imagine anything more directly opposed to Nature than Sweet Pea plants disbudded so that each has a single stem, and that stem, with its large leaves more resembling those of a Cabbage, laced to a Bamboo cane 8 ft. or more high. A few rows treated thus are sufficient to destroy for ever the enthusiasm of those who appreciate beautiful flowers in the garden; and this disbudding, with over-manuring, has, I believe, done more to undermine the constitution of the Sweet Pea than the work that has been done by hybridists to obtain new varieties. Hence one does not hesitate to put forward a plea for the rational treatment of what is one of our most beautiful hardy annuals.

By rational treatment I mean the cultivation of the flowers as carried into effect by our forefathers. They had bold lines in the kitchen garden, or irregular groups in the mixed border, and in both places the plants were allowed to grow as luxuriantly as they willed, so that their graceful sprays could spread their tendrils and completely cover the natural hazel or other sticks used as supports. In this way the plants were in keeping with the other hardy flowers, and the owner could cull the dainty, fragrant blossoms for the house as freely as might be desired. Happily, in a few gardens this simple method is still in vogue, but each year it becomes more rare, and would appear to be in danger of sinking into oblivion. So-called modern experts tell us that we must go to a vast amount of trouble in growing our Sweet Peas. The seed must be sown in pots in autumn, or at least in January, and the plants grown on in these until



Reginald A. Malby.

ANEMONE NEMOROSA ALLENII, A BEAUTIFUL VARIETY OF THE WOOD ANEMONE. THE FLOWERS ARE LILAC COLOUR.

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the end of March or early April, when, if the fates have been kind, they are ready for planting in soil that has been trenched so many feet deep and enriched with so many loads of fearsome and wonderful manure mixtures, reminiscent of the old days when horses were buried in Vine borders, or Carnations grown in nearly all manure.

For the garden and for the house all this is neither desirable nor necessary. Provide deeply dug and moderately enriched soil, and sow the seeds at once where the plants are to grow. If the seedlings are thinned when small so that they stand 6in. apart, and are given supports in the form of hazel or other

branches, they may be subsequently left alone and allowed to ramble as Nature intended them to do. Grown in this way, many of the modern varieties are as fragrant and good as the older sorts, and the following dozen are what I would select: Dorothy Eckford, white; Mrs. Cuthbertson, apple-blossom pink and a very highly decorative variety; Nubian, maroon; Sunproof, Crimson; Edith Taylor, cerise pink; Mrs. Hardcastle Sykes, pale pink; Marchioness of Tweeddale, white with pink edge; Clara Curtis, cream; R. F. Felton, lavender; Mrs. C. W. Breadmore, cream with pink edge; Scarlet Emperor, and Countess Spencer, deep pink. F. W. H.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

Memoirs of the Duke de Saint-Simon. An abridged translation with notes, by Francis Arkwright. In six volumes. Vols. I and II. (Stanley Paul.)

WHEN Madame du Deffand told her correspondent Horace Walpole what a treasure she had found among the public archives amid which she discovered all these memoirs, she remarked: "Ces Mémoires vous mettraient hors de vous." This undoubtedly hit upon the phrase most accurately descriptive of this celebrated book. It takes the reader out of himself. It is known to students either in the original or in the many translations that have been issued, but still it is doubtful if there are very many general readers who know it well. Someone has said that its chief use was that of a quarry out of which literary men dug sentences to embellish their own works. The reason of this was largely the extraordinary length of the reminiscences and the large intervals of dullness that came between the choice passages. Mr. Francis Arkwright has therefore performed valuable service in making a judicious abridgment. "The fact is," he says, "that the memoirs are very lengthy and very unequal. The best parts are extremely vivid and interesting; but others are dull, and when Saint-Simon is dull, his dullness passes all belief." Macaulay passed the same judgment when he said: "To be sure the road from fountain to fountain lies through a very dry desert."

This new translation will be found a good book "to read in" occasionally. Only an enthusiast is likely to devour it piece by piece from beginning to end. Just now it has peculiar interest in the many references to places that have claimed a great deal of public attention during the present war. When the author began his career Louis XIV was at the zenith of his power. Saint-Simon joined the Musketeers in 1692, and shortly after the King sent him to Compiègne to review his household troops and gendarmerie. The boy—for he was only seventeen years of age at the time—had enlisted against the wish of his parents; but after showing the usual amount of displeasure they reconciled themselves to his action, and our first realisation of him is as a youthful officer supplied with thirty-five horses and mules, "together with what was necessary to enable me to live in a becoming manner at my own expense."

The King held a splendid review at Gevries, while the ladies were at Mons, about two leagues away. After the manœuvres had continued for about three days, it was announced that Namur was to be besieged. The town surrendered after eleven days, but the garrison retired into the citadel and the army shifted its camp for the siege. Very soon weather conditions arose very similar to those against which our own soldiers have had to contend.

The fine weather now changed to rain so heavy and continuous that no one in the army had ever seen anything like it. St. Médard gained a great reputation by it; it rained in torrents the whole of the 8th of June, his day; and the story goes that, whatever the weather may be on that day will continue for forty days afterwards. It happened to be so that year. The soldiers, in despair at this deluge, loaded the Saint with curses and broke up and burnt his images wherever they could find them. The trenches were full of mud and water; it sometimes took three days to shift a gun from one battery to another. Carts were useless; the transport of shells and ammunition could only be effected on the backs of horses and mules taken from the equipages of the army and Court, otherwise it would have been impossible.

Wheeled vehicles could not be used, and as M. de Luxembourg's army was perishing for want of grain, the king ordered his household troops to take sacks of corn on their horses by detachments every day. The household troops, who

were accustomed to receive all sorts of distinctions, did not like this, and refused to carry the sacks. When Saint-Simon was asked, however, he accepted the duty gladly, and his example proved to be contagious. The troops began to vie with one another to see who could load his sack quickest. The difficulty of maintaining an army in the field may be judged from the fact that the king's own horses had to live on leaves, and not a horse of all the numerous cavalry and equipages ever thoroughly recovered. The king himself was so worn out by fatigue of body and mind that he underwent the worst attack of gout he ever had.

There are many striking differences between the officers of those days and of ours. For example, at Neerwinden Saint-Simon saw his brigadier killed by a cannon shot, when the Duke de la Feuillade took his place. On his appointment, which, be it remembered, was in the midst of battle, the Duke disappeared for half an hour. He had gone to perform his toilet, and came back powdered and adorned with a handsome scarlet cloak, embroidered with silver. All his equipments and those of his horse were equally magnificent. Another sketch of a general deserves to be quoted, first, as showing the variety of character in the French army at the time, and, secondly, as an example of Saint-Simon's inimitable faculty for sketching a character in a few words.

Nothing could be surer than the *coup d'œil* of M. de Luxembourg; no one could be more brilliant, more resourceful, more clear-sighted in presence of the enemy. On the battlefield he combined audacity with a coolness which enabled him to perceive and foresee everything under the hottest fire, and under the most imminent risk of failure; it was there that he was great. As for the rest, he was laziness personified. He never took exercise unless obliged; his time was spent in play, and in conversation with his intimate friends. Every evening there was a supper with a few guests, almost always the same; and if there was a town anywhere near, care was taken that agreeable women should be present. At such times he was unapproachable; if anything happened requiring immediate attention it was Puysegur's business to see to it.

We have but glanced at a few military incidents touched upon in the Memoirs, but so far only two volumes have been published, dealing with the years 1692 to 1707. We hope to deal more freely with the Memoirs when the other volumes come out. At present we shall content ourselves with a reference to the Battle of Blenheim, looked at from the French point of view. The little village of Blenheim is near the Danube, and was occupied before the battle with twenty-six battalions under Clérembault and Blansac, supported by five regiments of dragoons and a brigade of cavalry. At daybreak on the 13th the opposing forces were allowed to cross the stream without any opposition of the French side. Prince Eugène and his army formed the right wing, and Marlborough on the left found himself opposed to Tallard. On the French right wing the cavalry were prevented from acting by the boggy stream, and

the English, perceiving the confusion of our cavalry and our weakness in infantry, redoubled their charges; and, in short, our right wing was completely defeated, in spite of the steadiness of a few regiments here and there, and the bravery of the Generals. The Elector's army, being attacked in flank by the same English, was shaken in its turn, though it offered a brave resistance. Thus the field of battle at this time presented the spectacle of Tallard's army in full flight, the Bavarians vainly struggling against a simultaneous attack in front and in flank; while on our left, Marchin was repulsing and charging the army of Prince Eugène, who more than once considered the battle lost. In the meantime the infantry in Blenheim had twice repulsed the enemy; and Tallard, seeing the defeat of the rest of his army, was hastening thither to withdraw them in good order, if possible, when he was surrounded by the enemy and taken prisoner, together with Silly and one of his aides-de-camp.

This is but a brief extract from a long and frank account of the battle.

Song in the Night. A little Anthology of Love and Death, chosen and arranged by Mary Warrack. (De la More Press.)

MATTHEW ARNOLD once defined the function of poetry as being to sustain, comfort and console, and this was probably the idea on which Mrs. Warrack began her work. As motto to it she takes a verse from the Prymer Version of the Psalms: "The Lord sent His merci in the day; and His song in the nyght." The collection is interesting, but though a high standard is maintained it is not high enough. Many of the pieces contain but one or two "jewels five words long." Donne's "Valediction, Forbidding to Mourn," for instance, has only two lines of super-excellence:

"Twere profanation of our joys
To tell the laity our love."

Another instance will be found in George Herbert's "The Pulley." The early verses of this poem are full of conceits, but they end on an exquisite note:

"Let him be rich and wearie, that at least,
If goodnesse leade him not, yet wearinesse
May tosse him to my breast."

The hymns, perhaps, are exceptional. Those chosen have all been wedded to familiar and beautiful tunes. Perhaps that has enhanced our appreciation of their beauty. An example is Bishop Walsham How's "For All the Saints." Nothing but praise can be awarded such pieces as that from Thomas à Kempis:

"Death shall be cast down headlong, and there shall be never-failing health, no anxiety, but blessed delight, companionship sweet and fair.

"Lift up therefore thy face to heaven; behold I and all My saints with Me, who in this world have had great conflict, now rejoice, are now comforted, are now secure, are now at rest."

Walt Whitman is well represented, but somehow in a way to make us feel his artificiality. The much quoted

"Come, lovely and soothing death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later, delicate death,"

wants the force of a strong and natural emotion. The little piece that we printed a fortnight ago and concerning which some correspondence appears in this week's issue, is printed under the title "Rest," but no information is given about the author.

No doubt many people will derive comfort and solace from *Song in the Night*. Our criticism is not that unworthy things have been admitted, but that the very best do not appear. Among all these extracts the name of Shakespeare does not occur, not even as the writer of the greatest of all dirges, "Fear no more the heat of the sun," although there are many equally well known poems printed. And the best passages of the many good writers laid under tribute have not in many cases been selected.

Napoleon in Exile: St. Helena, by Norwood Young. (Stanley Paul.)

THIS is an important addition to the great mass of literature about St. Helena. The author has studied not only the printed matter, but the manuscripts in Paris and in our own Record Office and the British Museum, and he spent five weeks himself at Longwood. Mr. Graham Balfour, who was his companion in St. Helena, took many photographs, which are here reproduced; in general, the illustration of the two volumes is very rich, from autograph documents, caricatures and contemporary watercolours. We are given a detailed account of what went on in the island from October 15th, 1815, when Napoleon landed, to May 5th, 1821, when he died; and there are also some 200 pages of prologue and epilogue. The general outline of this story, so tragic and so sordid, is known to everyone. If we compare this work, as it is natural to do, with Lord Rosebery's version of the story, the most striking difference is the view taken of Sir Hudson Lowe. Mr. Young shows that some of Lord Rosebery's criticism is ill founded and inaccurate; and he proves conclusively that Lowe was unfairly treated by the English Government. O'Meara, the Irish navy surgeon who had entered Napoleon's service, was encouraged to write letters to the Admiralty (Mr. Croker, Lord Melville, and the Prince Regent seem to have enjoyed the correspondence, and must now share the discredit), in which he played the spy on both the captive and the jailer. It was O'Meara's "Voice from St. Helena," published in 1822, which poisoned Lowe's reputation. Lowe did some foolish things; but his task, difficult under any circumstances, was made much more difficult by the impish conduct of Napoleon. England was bound to prevent Napoleon from escaping, and the danger of an escape was by no means imaginary. In 1801 a Boer prisoner escaped from the island in a packing case; and the Boers were much more rigorously confined than Napoleon was. Napoleon, also, had abundance of money to spend in bribes; O'Meara got a good deal, and so did others. This book seems to prove that the English Government, while treating Lowe very badly, tried to treat Napoleon as well as the circumstances allowed; but it is an old saying, "les Anglais sont justes, mais ils ne sont pas bons."

THE LATE LORD ROTHSCHILD.

By the death of Lord Rothschild, which occurred after we had gone to press last week, a strong central pillar is removed from the life of London and the business of the world. It is unnecessary to repeat here the story of his great-grandfather, Mayer Amschel de Rothschild, a man of whom many great achievements are recorded, but the greatest was the foundation of a family. Since his day the name Rothschild has been synonymous with high finance, conspicuous business ability and vast wealth. He died at his London house, the one in which he was born, 148, Piccadilly.

The facts of his life are very well known, and it would be superfluous to do more than allude to them again. After a private education he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he met King Edward VII, with whom he formed a life-long friendship. On leaving the University he entered the famous banking business associated with his name, and in due time rose to be its head. As a financier he was sound, prudent and safe—an adviser to depend upon; but his name will ever be associated with such great operations as the purchase of the Suez Canal shares, the extrication of Egyptian finance from the muddle in which it was left after the *Condominium*, and last, but not least, the prominent share he took in making the arrangements by means of which Great Britain was able to meet successfully the financial situation caused by the outbreak of war.

He knew no politics in the day of need, although before receiving a peerage he had for the twenty years during which he represented Aylesbury been a Liberal; but when his party was cleft in twain by Gladstone's Home Rule Bill he threw in his lot with the Duke of Devonshire, and stood by the same leader when the Unionist Party was divided over Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal policy. Although he disagreed with the land policy of Mr. Lloyd George, he laid personal feelings aside when it became necessary to devise means for mobilising and conserving the financial resources of this country for the war with Germany. During early life, curiously enough, he had been intimate with the leader of the party to which he was then opposed, Lord Beaconsfield, and he was appointed one of two executors when the latter died. The two were probably brought together by the fact that they were neighbours and members of the same race and faith. His father is generally assumed to be the Sidonia in "Tancred." Lord Rothschild was, in fact, regarded as the head of the English Jews. He was a great philanthropist, not only to those of his own way of thinking and not only as a subscriber to public charities, but to the distressed of any race and as a private benefactor.

Lord Rothschild was essentially a man of business, pre-eminently a City man, yet out at Tring he showed possession of those attributes which belong to the country gentleman. With Leopold de Rothschild of Leighton Buzzard he maintained the famous pack of staghounds that bears his name, and he used to be able to give King Edward VII at Tring some of the best pheasant shooting in the country. But many of our readers are naturally most interested in the great work he achieved as a breeder of stock. For a great number of years now the little Herts market town of Tring has been the Mecca of buyers from all parts of the world. Here could be seen the best of many breeds kept in a state of the utmost perfection. First, there was the astonishing stud of Shire horses. Sales, private and public, took place, and it was often thought that the place must be shorn of its strength. Yet the February show of Shires at Islington, instead of exhibiting signs of exhaustion at Tring, only illustrated its endless resources. Champions often enough passed out of the stable, but others were ready to fill their places in the unceasing fight for show honours. The record made by the sale of Champion's Goal-keeper is still fresh in the memory of Shire men. In the hands of Sir Gilbert Greenall he won the championship at the Agricultural Hall in two successive years, thus supplying a brilliant exception to the rule that most often to give a very high price for a great prize-winner is like buying a squeezed lemon.

At Tring the variety of agricultural interests was most striking. The Shorthorn and Jersey herds of cattle are as fine as any in the kingdom, and the very practical dairy is a study in itself. Here is no haphazard guesswork, but an industry carried on not only with consummate skill, but under a system of scientific records. Tring was one of the first great dairies to start a milk record for cows, and the exactitude with which it was kept may be inferred from the fact that the total returned by the milkers was checked by the total sold and used, and had to agree therewith. Our readers from time to time have been shown photographs of the livestock at Tring, so that there is the less need to dwell on what everybody knows. The soundness of the business principles applied was made very evident some few years ago when poultry fattening was taken up and rendered at once remunerative. Needless to add, that in all these things Lord Rothschild took a keen personal interest, even when affairs of finance were most engrossing. In country life, as in finance, he stood like some great pillar, round which a myriad interests were grouped, and his death leaves not one but many vacancies.

CHOOSING A SIRE.

TAKE CARE OF THE DON'TS.

BY T. F. DALE.

TO those who breed horses on a large scale it would be an impertinence to offer advice on the subject of this article. Their success depends upon the knowledge and intelligence which they are able to bring to bear upon the choice of a sire. But the owner of a mare or two who wishes to breed, but has not given any great amount of attention to the science of it, is often at a loss in choosing a stallion, and, unfortunately



for him, the owner, as a rule, gives him very little help, the commonest practice being to send out a small card with the name of the horse and a short pedigree. The owner of a stallion, who prefers that neither his name nor that of the horse should be mentioned, has hit upon a novel and interesting

departure from the usual practice which is so very unhelpful. First of all, under the head of "Profitable Horse Breeding," he gives a dozen "Don'ts," which must be most illuminating to the beginner and the amateur. They are as follows:

- Don't think a cheap—and nasty—sire will get a profitable colt.
- Don't jib at the fee of a good sire. He's worth it to you.
- Don't send your mare away far from home if there's a good sire near. It will cost you much more for keep.
- Don't hesitate to do so, though, if there isn't a good one handy.
- Don't send a mare to the stud if she should go to the knacker.
- Don't think you cannot breed from an in-work mare. She will throw a better foal if kept at work till within a month or two of foaling time.
- Don't look on the horse as a machine. From youth to age care and attention are good investments.
- Don't spoil the horse for a gallon of oats.
- Don't put an old mare to an old horse. A weak foal is likely to be the result.
- Don't think it unwise to breed from a three year old. It is the very opposite.
- Don't expect a show ring colt from a three-cornered mare. You'll get something useful, but cannot blame the sire if a prize winner is not forthcoming.
- Don't fail to ask for advice if you want any. It will be given gladly.

This is followed by a brief survey of the future demand, which also will, I think, interest the owners of mares:

Not for many years past has the promise of profit from horse breeding been so high as it is to-day. The grave shortage of horses, which has resulted from war, means that there will be a big demand and high prices. Many thousands have been taken for military use, and a large number, alas! will never return to this country. Continental nations are in the same position, and as the British Isles have always been the field to which foreigners turn to increase and improve their own stock, there will be keen competition for horses between them and our own countrymen. The point need not be laboured. It is almost a duty, and is certainly wise from the standpoint of personal advantage, that all who have opportunity should breed horses this year. There has been much discussion lately in the public Press as to the best sires to use on half-bred mares, but the leading authorities have agreed that none is equal to the thoroughbred. His fine conformation, steely sinews, ivory-like bone and high courage impart to his progeny all the horseman wishes to find. He can be used to advantage not only on hunters or light horses, but on heavy mares and on vanners, while to

get smart ponies—for good specimens of which there is always a ready market—the thoroughbred mated to a mountain or moorland pony cannot be equalled. Foolish is the man who will grudge an extra guinea or so for the services of a horse of the right type and pedigree. When sale time comes it may, and probably will, mean the difference between merely paying expenses and a handsome profit.

Horse breeders are often their own worst enemies, and many, perhaps most, failures are due to the neglect of simple "don'ts," such as the original stud card before us gives. It is a curious thing, but nevertheless true, that people who will take the greatest pains about their sheep and cattle will often leave horse breeding to chance. The reason of this is partly because people really do think that to breed a good pig is a matter of judgment, but that to breed a good colt is a matter of luck. Yet I will venture to say that when one breeds a bad colt, the reason is, in a majority of instances, that we have forgotten one of these simple "don'ts." For example, how many disappointments are occasioned by breeding, or attempting to breed, from worn-out mares? We begin at the wrong end. We work our mares first and breed from them afterwards. We should breed from them first and work them afterwards. A mare that has bred a foal is likely to develop better and to be more serviceable, and probably to last longer because of it. Then, again—and of all the causes of disappointment none is greater than this—not enough pains are taken in the choice of the stallion. It is not sufficient that a horse is sound (although people are not always so careful about that as they ought to be), but that he should be suitable to the mare. If, for example, we have a big mare showing obvious traces of cart blood, she should not be put to a heavy, big thoroughbred. The chances are you will get a vanner. But if we have such a mare, the suitable horse is one of the sharp, wiry stamp of thoroughbreds. There is another point. Look not only at a horse's make and shape, but also at its pedigree. If the mare has a pedigree—if, that is, she has one or more strains of thoroughbred blood—look out for a horse which has in him the best strain that runs in the mare's veins. This is a very likely road to success.

The observance of "don'ts" gives a good deal of trouble, and I can imagine anyone reading over all these "don'ts" of horse breeding and thinking: "Well, no doubt it is sound enough, but what a lot of trouble." But to breed good horses is a matter of constant thought and care. Why are some people more successful than others? Simply because they think about what they do and take pains. These "don'ts" come in most usefully because they practically comprise all that we can learn from others. They are the foundation of successful horse breeding. They are the points without which no one can hope or expect to succeed. But afterwards comes the judgment and the knowledge which is based on our own thoughts and experience. There is no royal road to success in horse breeding, but if you neglect the "don'ts" failure is a certainty.



There is one point about which I am doubtful. While, no doubt, it is, generally speaking, right to work an in-foal mare, yet mares before being bred from should be thrown up for a short time. A mare in hard condition, at the top of her form as a hunter or hack, is less likely to prove fertile than one which is lower. On the other hand, a hard worked mare, a trifle below herself in condition, is just right.

The conclusion of the whole matter is this: Let us learn the "don'ts" by heart; then build up on this a careful study of pedigrees of horses. Try to gain experience in every possible way. Remember, too, that a horse has a mind and a disposition, and that these are hereditary—so far, at all events, as this goes: that if the sire or dam, but particularly the dam, trains easily and well for any kind of work (hunting or polo, for example), the produce will also train well for the same work. A notable instance that has come under my notice was that of the late Sir John Barker's ponies, which all trained so easily for polo or (if wanted) for harness. But it is enough now to devote ourselves to these two

matters—the observance of "don'ts" and the study of pedigrees. I lay great stress on this study of pedigrees. I have often had it said to me, when I was looking over a horse: "He was by a thoroughbred"; but the speaker forgot that the English thoroughbred, with all his good points, is an animal of mixed descent, including Arab, Barb, Italian, Spanish, English, native blood, the great horse, the Eastern and the pony. The Stud Book is barely 150 years old. What varieties of influence, what possibilities of heredity or reversion are there! If the parents are carefully chosen so that the right sort of thoroughbred is used with kindred strains in the mare, all will go well; but if the parents are of different types, what likelihood of an orgy of reversion in the progeny!

In finishing, I come back to the sound precept: Learn your "don'ts" first, and thus clear the ground for scientific horse breeding, with just that touch of inspiration which gives to some such wonderful success in this and kindred pursuits.

THE FAUNA OF THE SOLDIER AND HIS KIT.

BY CECIL WARBURTON.

The Minor Horrors of War, by Dr. A. E. Shipley, Master of Christ's College, Cambridge. (Smith, Elder.)

EVER since 1898, when the spread of malaria was definitely brought home to the Anopheline mosquito, there has been a "boom" in parasites in medico-biological circles. Numerous creatures, recognised for ages as provocative of irritation and disgust, have acquired an altogether new importance. Many of them have already been demonstrated to be the carriers of fell diseases to man and beast, and many others are suspect, though the case against them is still non proven.

It is quite remarkable how some of the most familiar animals have contrived to evade accurate study. It frequently happens that an entirely fanciful account has been published by some long deceased author, and is copied without any attempt at corroboration by generation after generation of writers on natural history. Consider, for instance, the beautifully symmetrical plan of a mole fortress, familiar to us all by endless repetition, and based solely on the lively imagination of a French naturalist. Creatures of no economic importance and superficially unattractive are prone to be neglected by the zoologist unless they occupy anomalous positions in the animal kingdom, and the study of them is likely to throw light on the affinities of various groups. Then, indeed, the zoologist exults, and it is perhaps not too much to say that more is known at this moment of the South American mud fish *Lepidosiren*, which most of us have never seen, than of the common house-fly.

Certainly our ignorance of the habits of many common parasites even a generation ago was abysmal. In scientific circles a very great change has taken place of late years, but the cult has hitherto been esoteric; we feared to shock the general public by the bare mention of some of the subjects of our investigations. Other times other manners! In these strenuous days we have revised many of our notions, and it is quite in keeping with the spirit of the moment that Dr. Shipley should have dared to publish a bright little book on creatures rarely named in polite society. Some people will be shocked; it is even rumoured that a quite well known bookseller (name censored) has decreed that a book on such matters shall find no lodgment on his chaste shelves. We are inclined to exclaim with Joe Gargery, "manners in manners, but your 'ealth's your 'ealth," and for our part we heartily welcome a book which could not have been written twenty years ago, and which gives a good deal of very necessary information in an entertaining manner. Moreover, apart altogether from the useful practical hints which the author has not neglected to furnish with regard to some of the "minor horrors," there is always the hope that a pest will become a little less *horribile* by the very fact of being less *ignotum*.

Most external parasites owe their particularly ill repute in times of peace to their association with conditions of filth and squalor avoidable by the self respecting and cleanly even among the very poor. On a campaign the conditions are often such that an officer is fortunate indeed if he fails to make the acquaintance of one or two creatures known to him hitherto only by name.

But we are writing as though the book in question concerned itself solely with creatures usually regarded as unmentionable.

This is by no means the case. Dr. Shipley certainly does not induct us gently, but plunges us at once into very low society indeed. In the middle of the book the company is mixed, respectable moths and flies rubbing shoulders with less reputable and sometimes distinctly objectionable mites; but the book ends with a discussion of leeches—animals to which allusion is permitted in the most refined circles.

Mr. Jerome tells of a man who, after spending an evening in company with a medical work, detected in himself the symptoms of all the ailments described, with the exception of "housemaid's knee," and there is, perhaps, a little danger that anyone casually taking up Dr. Shipley's book might be rather appalled by the long list of "minor horrors" possibly in store for him. He would be relieved to find, however, that some of them are confined to tropical climates, and that others concern the commissariat rather than the soldier in the field. Nevertheless, it is probably the earliest chapters which will appeal to him most.

It is difficult to realise that parasitism is a normal condition of Nature. The most intelligent and the most cleanly of wild animals are quite impotent against their attacks, nor are the most unpromising subjects immune. One would hardly be disposed to consider a tortoise or a rhinoceros a likely subject for the operations of an external parasite; yet there are ticks which affect these animals to the neglect of all others. The fact is, that these pests have developed so remarkable an adaptation to their mode of life that a very high order of intelligence, higher than that possessed by any animal but man, is necessary in order to circumvent them. We humans are proud that in our more civilised communities at normal times the more obvious of them are either entirely banished or only linger in corners where the hygienic rules we have devised are not obeyed. These rules of necessity are largely in abeyance on a campaign, and we revert, unless we take special precautions, to the natural condition. Hence the utility of Dr. Shipley's book. But how little cause the most civilised of us have for pride! In ordinary circumstances we are fairly free from creatures recognised as pests for ages, and easily visible to the naked eye; but we have only lately become aware of the existence of the minute blood parasites which have, for equal ages, been invading our bodies—largely by the aid of the former class—and the science which investigates the methods for their repression is still in its infancy.

It is a commonplace that any creature, however uninviting its external appearance, is sure to present some points of remarkable interest when its life history is studied. This is certainly true of parasites. There is so much diversity in their methods of attaining what is in each case pretty much the same object. Compare, for example, a louse with a tick. In the case of the former your investigation of its habits is hampered by the unexpected difficulty of keeping it alive under experimental conditions. You must feed it regularly two or three times a day, and you must keep it warm. In the case of many ticks, on the other hand, the animal has but three "square" meals in the course of its life, and though each of these may occur at intervals of a month or so, the creature is not greatly inconvenienced by a fast of a year or more. Needless to say, the meals are exceedingly "square" when the opportunity for them arises.

Meanwhile the tick regards considerable variations of temperature with indifference.

Dr. Shipley has a good deal to say on flies, both as polluters of food and as the causes of various pathological conditions included by medical men under the name of Myiasis. Will it be believed that we do not yet know how the house-fly passes the winter? Our author tells us so, and there is no gainsaying the statement. Of course, we *thought* we knew years ago. Flies occur in the house on warm days during the winter, and it was supposed that these were hibernating individuals ready to emerge in the spring and start the new generations; but it is now found that when these winter specimens are critically examined they prove not to be the true house-fly at all! Really here is a matter which must be attended to.

Another parasite dealt with in this little work, the harvest-mite, has proved very baffling to the many naturalists who

from time to time have attempted to elucidate its life history. Some matters are still obscure, and if Dr. Shipley has, as we think, been misled on a minor point by one of the authors he has consulted, it is not in the least surprising. Surely the larval mites found in enormous numbers on currant and gooseberry bushes would be the young of Bryobia, a definite pest of those plants, and not of Trombidium, which cares for no plant in particular, but is predaceous when it ceases to be parasitic.

Dr. Shipley half apologises in his preface for having written the book "in a certain spirit of gaiety," but his readers—and they should be many—certainly will not quarrel with him on this score. Indeed, it is an additional cause for gratitude, and in no wise conceals the serious purpose of the work, which, indeed, is obvious at the outset in the neat dedication to two of our Cambridge men who, with so many others, have eagerly answered the call of their country.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FIRST EASTERN GENERAL HOSPITAL, CAMBRIDGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The articles by Mr. Shipley on the new hospital which has suddenly sprung into being at Cambridge will excite widespread interest far beyond merely professional circles. To erect and equip in eight weeks a hospital with 1,220 beds sounds like a work of magic, but it is only when one has grasped the amazing completeness with which every detail has been thought out that one realises the consummate genius to which it owes its birth. It is not only replete with every modern improvement, it is brilliantly original at every point. And it has cost rather less than a tenth of what would be considered a fair estimate for an ordinary hospital of the same capacity. To my mind, the greatest feature in the design of the hospital is that it is open to the air at every point, to the air and to the sun, the two most powerful allies that the surgeon can have in dealing with the wounds of war. For all these wounds are septic, and there is nothing that sepsis dreads so much as air and sun. And yet we go on treating these cases in the general wards of the great London hospitals, in the dust and grime of a great city, under conditions where the air can have little access and the sun none at all; and we bury the wounds under fomentations, shutting out even what little air there is, and providing an ideal culture ground for the organisms with which the man is struggling for his life. The tradition that fresh air is a danger takes a long time to die. In these particular cases fresh air is peculiarly effective in two entirely distinct ways. In the first place, the organisms in the wounds are not those with which the surgeon has usually to deal. The wounds have been soiled with earth and mud, and the organisms we find are those which flourish in these surroundings. These have for the most part the peculiar characteristic that they can only grow in the *absence of air*. If, then, we admit air freely to the wounds, these bacteria will rapidly perish, and from a state of appalling sepsis the wound will be reduced to one of comparative cleanliness, to the vast benefit of the patient. If, on the other hand, we cover the wound with fomentations, all these bacteria will flourish exceedingly, for there is a great deal of dead tissue in all these wounds for them to grow on, and our "treatment" has produced the ideal conditions for their development.

In Belgium I have had extensive opportunities for putting this to the test. In the Belgian Field Hospital we were always close to the front, and the cases came to us direct from the trenches. We therefore got all the worst cases at a very early point, lacerations such as I have never seen on this side. We very soon found that to cover the wounds up deeply in dressings was fatal to the patient. The stench after two days was awful, and in despair we put the unfortunate men out in the open air, as we thought to die. In forty-eight hours the wounds had ceased to smell, the surfaces looked cleaner and the men themselves had obviously turned the corner. After that experience the gangrenous cases were all put in the courtyard, sheltered as best they could be, not for the sake of the others but for the sake of themselves. And every time the result was the same, the smell went, the gangrene cleared up and the patient recovered, except in a few cases where the organisms were too virulent for him to resist.

But there is another reason why fresh air means so much to a man recovering from a septic wound. In any ordinary ward the air is crowded with organisms, and the man has to fight not only against those in his wound, but also against all those with which he is being constantly reinfected with every breath he breathes. Everyone who has worked in a hospital knows the sore throat which he is sure to catch after a holiday, when his tonsils are still virgin soil swept clean by the sea breeze. In an open air ward there is none of this, and that is the foundation of the whole sanatorium treatment of consumption.

Cambridge has led the way in an advance in hospital design which must have a powerful influence on the great hospitals of the future. We shall no longer treat our septic cases in the slums, but in the pure air of the country, and it will no longer be necessary to send a man for a fortnight to the country, to recover not from disease, but from confinement.—H. S. SOUTTAR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have been much interested in the account of the great open air hospital at Cambridge. I can well understand the nuisance of the flapping blinds, and in an open air ward added to a convalescent home at Broadstairs, the entire south front of which was open. I used stable doors, the upper part

glazed. These doors opened out on to a continuous balcony, which was in reality an extension of the floor space of the ward 6ft. wide. With the doors folded out in pairs at right angles, the beds can be drawn out without any exertion. The ward proved most popular, and the nurses in particular were delighted with it. The cost was quite low, the under space of the ward providing a covered shelter for more advanced patients. I have always thought that the cost of hospitals has grown to an unreasonable pitch, owing to extreme specialisation and the *parti pris* of the medical and scientific expert.—EVERYDAY ARCHITECT.

THE HEIGHT OF POLO PONIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Will you allow me space for a short letter with regard to what your correspondent Mr. T. F. Dale writes about polo pony breeding in your issue for March 20th? I have seldom read an expression of opinion with greater satisfaction, and cannot help hoping that polo pony breeders will take serious notice of what such a well known authority says about the 15h. stallion. As one of the original founders of the Polo and Riding Pony Society (now renamed the National Pony Society), I have always maintained that 14h. 2in. should be the outside limit of height for stallions or mares, and when I say 14h. 2in., I mean 14h. 2in. as the pony stands naturally, as *ready to play the game*. It is, in my opinion, entirely wrong to allow a pony to be prepared for measurement, and thus reduce its height under the standard by as much as 1½ in. or even 2 in. It is common knowledge that numbers of the present day polo ponies that are played in the best matches stand 15h. at least, and yet they are all entered in the Stud Book as "not exceeding 14h. 2in." I maintain that either the 14h. 2in. standard should be adhered to in the polo pony, as he would be measured under ordinary commercial conditions, or else there should be no height limit at all. I believe, in the interests of the game itself, the new fashion for playing a small *horse* instead of a pony is a mistake. At all events, as Mr. Dale says, a 15h. thoroughbred stallion should be avoided by all concerned. To give such stallions premiums on the lines of the King's Premium and Board Premium stallions, and distribute them over the country, is going a long way towards damaging the good work the Hunters' Improvement Society is now doing, as it is impossible to prevent anybody from using them for other purposes than polo pony breeding—and surely there are few who would not endorse the opinion of Mr. Dale that "the 15h. stallion is neither a horse nor a pony," and "that the 15h. thoroughbred is an animal for which there is little or no use." It is pony blood which is required to preserve the pony character and height to counteract the influence of the thoroughbred cross, not that of the dwarf thoroughbred sire. The letter preceding that to which I have referred, on the next page, over the well known *nom de plume*, "X.," is well worth reading side by side with that of Mr. Dale. The value of pony blood in the hunter is alluded to, and what is good for the hunter is good for the polo pony. One of the first foals which the well known hunter-bred stallion, Ellesmere, got was out of a Welsh pony—Ellesmere was one of the best hunters I ever rode—and the foal alluded to was good enough to make 300 guineas at public auction. That is one for the Welsh pony.—JOHN HILL.

DESTROYING ALGÆ WITH COPPER SULPHATE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In a number of COUNTRY LIFE (which I have taken in for years), published, I believe, last autumn, there was a letter giving the proportion of sulphate of copper which would effectually destroy American weed in a lily pond without injuring the gold fish, and a formula for calculating the quantity of water in such pond. I had intended to keep the number in question, but by an oversight it was included in one of the parcels I have sent off from time to time for the use of sailors and soldiers. Can you kindly give me the date of issue in order that I may obtain another copy? Thanking you in anticipation.—CHARLES A. CLOSE.

[According to experiments conducted in America a year or two ago, it is quite safe to use copper sulphate at the rate of one part by weight to 750,000 parts of water. This destroyed all algæ in the ponds, but did not injure water lilies or fish. One part of the copper to 1,000,000 parts of water is also said to be effective in destroying the soft weed. A careful calculation

must first be made of the holding capacity of the pond, then the weight of the water taken as 62½ lb. to the cubic foot and the copper sulphate used in proportion. This can be applied in two ways—either dissolved in a little water and sprayed over the surface of the pond, or tied in a canvas bag and dragged to and fro in the water until dissolved. If spraying is adopted, care must be taken to keep the copper from the leaves of water lilies. For safety we would use the lesser of the two quantities named.—ED.]

THE PRONUNCIATION OF TRAFALGAR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I recollect that my earliest schoolmaster, Dr. Thomas Blaine, told the class of which I was a member, more than forty years ago, that "Trafalgar" had been pronounced with the accent on the middle syllable when Nelson's victory was being talked about in this country; but when the sailors of the Fleet and the soldiers who had been in Spain returned to England, it was found that they pronounced the name with the accent upon the first syllable and the last, which they said was the Spanish way and, of course, the correct way; but it was thought pedantic in England, and, although adopted by many people, it never became the popular pronunciation. Dr. Blaine was born in the year 1790, so he may have given us the result of his experience; for his boyhood was spent in the neighbourhood of one of the little coast towns of the North of Ireland which had given many good sailors to Nelson's Fleet, and he may have talked to some of them on their return. Byron wrote in Spain or Portugal, giving the word the local pronunciation. If the author of the lyric set to music and sung by Braham knew what was the correct pronunciation, he thought himself more than justified in treating the word in the popular English way; it is supposed to come from the mouth of one of the sailors, which justifies the "lay" in both senses of the word—the lyric and the line, "We saw the Frenchmen lay"—but according to my schoolmaster, that was just where the poet was wrong, for while the sailor would doubtless have talked of the Frenchman "laying-to," he would have said "In the Bay of Trafalgar." I am afraid that we cannot justify Byron's "lay" in another stanza in "Childe Harold" so easily. When he wrote "There let him lay" he gave no warning that he meant to lapse into the popular use of the word. It has always seemed to me somewhat strange that while the tendency in England has for long been to throw the accent back a syllable or two in most words, people insist on assuming that foreign proper names of three syllables must be accented on the middle syllable. Every day we hear of the Azóres, Córdoba, Medici, and even from a pulpit—not necessarily in a Little Bethel—Melita. I wonder in what pulpit Samson's lady friend, Delilah, has not her beautiful name spoiled by being accented on the middle syllable. One might fancy that no parson except the Rev. Josiah Crawley of Barchester had ever read "Samson Agonistes." We also hear of the arbutus berry and the clematis creeper. Respecting Mr. Stephens' unhappy treatment of "Orion," I am afraid that the most merciful bench of poetical licensing justices could find no condonation for this piece of illiteracy. It is on a level with the "Alpha and Omega" of the Hyde Park preacher; though, as I recently pointed out in a book of Recollections, this "howler" appears in a poem published in the fourth number of *Cornhill*, when edited by Thackeray. Surely Mr. Stephens must have read "Locksley Hall." As for your correspondent's justification of Mrs. Jacobs' introducing the word "paraphrases" as if it rime with "raises," I do not think that any critic would say that this pronunciation required to be defended. While the word "paraphrase" must always be pronounced with the stress on the first syllable, it is impossible to accent only the first when the word is in the plural. Will you allow me to utter my protest against the grossly illiterate rime-words of many recent poets? "War" cannot without offence be made to rime with "before," nor does "dawn" rime with "morn." Rossetti and Swinburne made slightly affected but quite pleasing variations, at rare intervals, upon the usual scheme of rimes, such as dividing the syllables of "water" and making the latter rime with "her," instead of making the word rime with "daughter." Everybody—perhaps even Mr. Stephens—has read:

"Saturday night be it dry or wet
Is market night in the Haymarket."

These are, however, only pleasant affectations. But how can it be expected that modern poets will be correct in their rimes so long as people insist on spelling the word itself in the ludicrous way sanctioned by Dr. Johnson? The connection between the Saxon "rime" and the Greek "rhythmus" is about as evident as the alliance between Kultur and Christianity. Only the Headmaster of Eton could perceive it. But I do not want to heap coals of fire, or even Coke upon Lyttleton.—F. FRANKFORT MOORE.

P.S.—How cordially do I agree with your critic in his endeavour to encourage the riming of "wind" with "thinned," and not with "kind"! Swinburne's perfect ear chose the more excellent way.—F. F. M.

"SKI-ING" AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—We have been hearing a good deal lately of French soldiers charging on "skis" down the snow clad Vosges mountains. It is a picture which makes a vivid appeal to the imagination. It is only of late years that most of us have become familiar with the word "ski" at all. We are therefore inclined to regard it as a relatively recent importation into our language. Sometimes we pronounce it as it is spelled, at other times, but perhaps with a shy suspicion that we are being a little pedantic, we call it, as we are told we ought to, "shee." I daresay a good many of us, in our newly awakened interest in all things Russian, have been diving a little into the story of our first dealings with that great Empire. To me, at all events, it has happened to do so, and in the course of that diving I have lately read a description of Russian flying squirrels which interested me because of its early use of the word "ski" in the verb form. It is Giles Fletcher, towards the end of the sixteenth century, who writes: "They" (that is the Russians) "have a kind of squirrel that hath growing on the pinion of the shoulder bone a long tuft of hair, much like unto feathers, with a far broader tayl than have any other

squirrels, which they move as they leap from tree to tree much like a wing. They skise a large space, and seem for to flie withal, and therefore they call them *letach vechshe*, that is, the flying squirrels." Mr. Edward Bond of the British Museum, who edited the publication of Fletcher's account for the Hakluyt Society, has a note to the word "skise" here used: "This word is entered by Halliwell in the 'Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words,' as in use in the Isle of Wight." Why in all the world, we may well ask, should the Isle of Wight have a use for it, and in what connection? If any Islander of Wight could throw a light on this mystery, it would be very interesting. According to the etymology, "ski" is, in the first place, a thin slab or slice of wood, and it is given as being used derivatively as a snow-shoe in Icelandic. It is also stated that it is from the same root as "shed," which justifies the pronunciation that we are told to be the correct one. It is a skilful use that Fletcher puts the word to, as descriptive of the long, aerial slide of the flying squirrel, achieved by the very means that the "skier" glides, namely, the opposition of a large plane to the supporting medium. But why is it used in the Isle of Wight?—HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

A SOLDIER'S SONG OF REST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I write to suggest that those lines written by a soldier in the Civil War in the U.S.A., and printed by you on page 392, deserve a larger circulation than even COUNTRY LIFE can give them. It seems the fashion now to put everything on picture postcards; but whether on a postcard or leaflet, I should be glad to have twenty or thirty copies to give to friends. They are, indeed, lines of comfort in these times.—B. C. FORDER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The touching lines which you quote in your "Country Notes" column have been familiar to me all my life from their occurrence in a manuscript collection made by my mother some fifty or sixty years ago. It may interest your readers to know that they are included, with many other poems dealing with death, bereavement and like subjects, especially in connection with the war which has brought these things home to so many of us, in an anthology just published by Messrs. Moring of the De La More Press, under the title of "Song in the Night." As the whole proceeds of this book are to be given to the Belgian Relief and Reconstruction Fund, perhaps I may be allowed to say that the book is a particularly attractive one, both in literary quality and in its illustrations and get up. I must own to a family connection with the lady from whose sick bed the volume comes.—J. W.

PIGS FOR PROFIT AND PLEASURE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reply to the queries raised by your correspondent, A. M. Pilliner:

1. Expense of Fencing.—The fence which I use is a woven wire pig fencing, which costs £2 1s. 6d. per roll of 110 yds. On top of this I put one strand of barbed wire. This is thoroughly satisfactory fencing, and will even fence off boars.

2. Expense of Feeding.—This is not really great, because the separated runs are, as far as possible, so arranged that the feeding centres are practically all close together. The pigs then, being called by bugle call, soon learn to respond, and come from every part of the woods to their feeding centre.

3. Loss of Manure.—This is not a loss in my case, because in the woods in which I am cutting down hazel—and I hope to gradually exterminate hazel, where it has been cut down now for two years—good grass is making its appearance, so I hope to have the whole of this present useless woodland merely growing oak trees, with grass on all the clear parts, so that it will eventually not only be suitable for pigs, but I shall be able to keep cattle on it also.

In regard to the food for the pigs, beans, peas and sharps are all used. In regard to those pigs that are not good enough to sell as pedigree pigs, they merely go into the fattening sties to be made into porkers, and the most profitable weight to sell about this district is about 80 lb. dead weight. In regard to bacon pigs, I have not kept a great number for bacon, as the porker trade is better, the price per pound is slightly higher than for bacon pigs, and the cost per pound for putting on is considerably less for the younger pigs.

Your correspondent, I think, will now see that this system is not wasteful from a manure point of view, as I am creating pasture in place of useless hazel woods for other pedigree pigs to use for breeding purposes. The large range they have enormously improves their constitution, and when it comes to fattening pigs, they naturally go into the sties, where their life is short and wholesome from a food producing point of view, but bad from a breeding point of view, whereas the woods are simply ideal for the purpose of producing pigs for breeding, which is my prime object, the porker or bacon trade merely being a side issue for the purpose of using up second class pedigree pigs. In regard to whether my pigs have ever had the experience of snow for a month together on the ground, my answer is, they have not had this experience. Fifteen days is the maximum we have had, and the pigs seemed thoroughly well in it, and seemed to infinitely prefer it to wet weather.—S. F. EDGE.

TO GET RID OF WOOD PIGEONS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I write to ask if you can tell me how to get rid of wood pigeons in my garden. I have no gun, and it would be rather dangerous to shoot as other houses are near, and I know how very difficult it is to shoot them. They come from a field quite near, and I have counted as many as eight, and they just clear my garden, which is not a very large one. If they are not got rid of soon I shall have nothing as spring things come on. Would poisoned Indian corn be any use, and if so, what should I use? If you can help me I should be most obliged.—(Mrs.) E. GLENNIE.

[Burgess' patent box trap, or, better still, wire netting on posts 1 ft. high, underneath which pigeons will very seldom venture. Poisoned grain should not be used.—ED.]

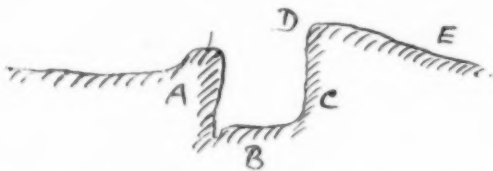
MILITARY ENTRENCHMENTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

Sir,—My first feeling on reading Dr. Mackenzie's article in *COUNTRY LIFE* was, I am afraid, one of disappointment, for I expected to find something at least novel, if not useful in it, and I really do not think I have found either. All he wrote is very pleasant and written, I know, with the object to help; but I do not agree with some of his statements, and I do not think his form of trench is practical. As for novelty, I think every officer, certainly every infantry officer, trained during peace time in the Regular Army knew all the facts put forward by Dr. Mackenzie, and if not put into use it was not because they were not known. Perhaps no lesson was so constantly drilled into the ears of each officer and man by his superiors as the lesson of "the use of ground," whether in attack or defence. It was almost a craze with some people, and very rightly so, too. Not only does Dr. Mackenzie think that the officers' peace training was neglected, but he makes the following statement: "It may be argued that avoidance of straight lines is already carried out universally. If this were so, how is it that every pamphlet and book issued by the General Staff is full of straight lines and angles?" Alas! I do not know enough of the said literature to quote; but, however the offending paragraphs may be worded and diagrams may be drawn, I know perfectly well—as every other officer who thinks at all knows—that the intentions are very much to avoid straight lines and angles. However, this is all rather by the way, and I want to try to show why the entrenchments shown in the diagrams are not practical, except perhaps for holding for a few hours. Dr. Mackenzie states firstly the ordinary rules to remember in making trenches and earthworks of all sorts—rules that everybody knows or should know if properly taught—rules that every nation must conform to; but when making these trenches and thinking of these rules people are apt to forget simple little facts. For instance, take Diagram 1 in the article. The



curious lip-shaped parapet D, that Dr. Mackenzie says is intended to make the line of the trench conform to the shape of the ground, is, I think, quite impractical. The first rule, concealment, is sought after; the fact that movement up and down the trench is necessary is forgotten. I am quite sure that, however the "overhanging lip" was made, whether by some cunningly formed revetment or the simple way Dr. Mackenzie suggests, by overhanging sods, in twenty-four hours the trench would look something like this:



and for the very simple reason that men cannot—especially in the dark, when carrying boxes of ammunition or food, or, worse still, a stretcher—avoid stumbling about and knocking up against the sides of the trench with their shoulders or their burdens. Anything overhanging is worse than useless; a clear passage must be left for the constant movement that is necessary.

Dr. Mackenzie goes on to say "that in the present war everything has been sacrificed for concealment, and it is from this point of view that I venture to criticise military entrenchments. We have been reduced to concealing our trenches in little valleys or on the reverse slope of hills, which is to a certain extent a confession of failure." Now, I know an instance that occurred on the Aisne when we were being constantly and fiercely attacked. We were "reduced" to conceal our trenches on the reverse slope of a hill. I wonder if you will think it a "confession of failure." This is a rough section of the piece of ground I am thinking of:



A certain battalion took up a position at A and dug careful trenches, using all the time and skill they had to disguise them and combine maximum fire effect with concealment. They were practical trenches, and followed almost all the points laid down by Dr. Mackenzie, except, perhaps, that the field happened to be a flat grass field, and, natural rises being absent, it was impossible to exaggerate them. Straight lines were avoided as much as possible, and the trenches were sited with due regard to the slope of the ground; also they were so constructed that each trench could help its neighbour by its fire, and the fall of one trench would not of necessity mean the fall of all—in fact, they were carefully made. In the short time there was, a little (much too little) wire was put out in front in the form of trip wires; there was no time for a formidable obstacle. These trenches were occupied, and very shortly afterwards were being "searched for" by the enemy's guns. At first the shells went all over the place, doing no harm at all. Eventually, though—I suppose by the help of aeroplanes, of which the enemy had a lot there; perhaps by the wire in front showing up; perhaps owing to the careless movement of a few men here and there, or even the

presence of a few empty tins (you know, the British soldier is hopelessly careless, and officers cannot see everything)—however it was, the shells soon began to get unpleasantly close, and the German infantry attacked. So far we had suffered little from the bombardment, and the advancing Germans got a beastly time of it; they were stout-hearted brutes, though, and by nightfall had established a line of trenches from 200yds. to 400yds. to our front, at about B on the diagram. Concealment was now more or less at an end. When men are only a short distance apart—even in Dr. Mackenzie's trenches—they find out each other's positions after a time, and if they do not find out by field glasses, they will by sending out men at night. The result, of course, was that our life was in future very undesirable. The German artillery observing officers presumably came up to B, and as we were undoubtedly outgunned at that time we had a miserable existence. Eventually it was decided that the position was untenable, and orders were given for the reserves to prepare trenches at C. This was done, and one night we left A and got into the new trenches at C, which left much to be desired, but were at once improved. A very few hours later the Germans attacked. Finding A empty, they came up to D, and there showed up against the skyline most beautifully, even in the dark. They got little further, and attack after attack failed, even though the distance from C to D was only about 70yds. So many were killed that our men went out to make lanes in the piles of dead bodies so as to give the next attack a clear run—to death! Next day we were shelled, but the range and direction were rotten compared to when we were at A, and even the aeroplanes did little to improve their shooting, for their artillery officers could not get direct observation on to our trenches as they did from B when we were at A. Our guns made the top of the hill (D) too hot to be held, and the deadlock followed. We held that position for three weeks, and the Germans never got through; the forward position we held only for a few hours. Do you think it was a "confession of failure" to move back to C? Perhaps it was a failure if one thinks it possible to make trenches (that have to be held) invisible. If Dr. Mackenzie had made those trenches himself—and I am sure he would have made them more invisible than we did with all the experience he has had—the result would have been the same; they would have been discovered.

Do not think that I advocate the doing away of concealment. I know it is most important, and there are good examples of it out here. I should like to show Dr. Mackenzie a certain second line trench I know, which is only a mile or so from here. It is in a very flat turnip field. It has most of the necessities and conveniences of trench life, such as dug-outs, loopholes, wire entanglements, etc., and from a short distance is quite invisible. All the parapets are planted with turnips in a most painstaking way. It is a work of art; but if ever it is used the Germans will within a few days, and even maybe hours, know its exact position. I wonder Dr. Mackenzie did not mention wire in his article. Is he going to dig a trench and make it invisible with a real good barbed wire entanglement in front of it? Supposing he does this on ground such as I think is shown in your photographs—dead flat ground—he will have to sink his wire entanglements into a vast ditch. Imagine digging a trench anything from 10ft. to 30ft. wide and 6ft. deep, filling it with wire entanglements and also successfully carting away or scattering the earth. He would have to have much time and a mighty big fatigue party. If he does not sink his wire, his trench is given away, for to be of use wire must be within 50yds. of the trench it defends and under the direct fire of the defenders. If he has no wire at all, he may make his trench invisible, but he would not find many soldiers, however gallant, who would like to man it. Wire is absolutely essential; it is suicide not to have wire, and wire is conspicuous unless the ground is extraordinarily favourable, which it never is in this benighted country.

Of course, out here nobody bothers about concealing their fire trenches; in fact, in most parts of the line, owing to the water, the men on both sides live behind great sandbag breastworks—regular forts, which one can see a mile off, with little houses and kitchens, and the kitchen fire's smoke curls up in a most brazen manner. In fact, concealment has gone, and yet not entirely so. Most beautifully cunning loopholes are made with the greatest care by experts for the snipers, and the greatest care and forethought is given to machine gun emplacements that they may have a good field of fire and, when the attack comes, come into action as a horrid surprise. So everyone still thinks that concealment is of the greatest importance, and I am sure that Dr. Mackenzie would site and disguise a trench better than any of us; but I do not agree with him when he says "the majority of Army officers have had so little practical experience in imitating natural features

that the best of them have not yet appreciated the possibility of concealing trenches in the open." If he knew the many long hours all infantry company officers had spent during company training on doing the very things he advocates should be done, he would have modified this statement. That bad work is often done we all admit, but it is not for want of knowing how to do it; it is a matter of sufficient time, material and trouble.

One more point. Dr. Mackenzie advocates a parapet or rear parapet, partly to make the trench more invisible, partly to be a snare and delusion to a victorious enemy, and partly to stop the back burst of a shell—all excellent reasons. But to stop a back burst effectively, it must be a fairly substantial work, and I am sure would be of more use to the enemy than to the defenders if the enemy once got in. It would at least be some protection, anyhow from view, and as all attacking infantry now carry sandbags, it would give an excellent foundation for a parapet, and is, I think, for this reason more a danger than a benefit. The points enumerated at the end of the article and which Dr. Mackenzie wishes to put to a practical test are all, I think, quite possible, and I am sure he could do them. But would the result be practical? I think not. The device he has for lessening the dangers and difficulties of working during the night he does not divulge. That would indeed be worth knowing, for it is something that we have great trouble with and a form of entertainment that causes many a casualty.—A "COUNTRY LIFE" READER AT THE FRONT, Headquarters, — Division, March 18th, 1915.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I read Dr. Mackenzie's article in COUNTRY LIFE of March 6th, and it seemed to me common sense; nothing more. I read "So'dier's" criticism the following week, and he would have us believe straight lines and angles had been given up in our field entrenchments. They are not given up in our official manuals, nor even in the latest notes issued by the General Staff, and most certainly not at the front, as a chat with the soldiers who return will convince the most sceptical. I have seen the entrenchments made on the East Coast, and they can almost without exception be spotted miles away. I have on my way South gone to see trenches made by Dr. Mackenzie near Leeds and Harrogate, and got the surprise of my life, as I walked over an even field towards where I was told the trench was, to find myself within 30 yds. of a trench and a man aiming at me before I discovered either. These trenches were also quite inconspicuous from a flank, and no man would believe how inconspicuous without inspecting them. Unequaled as our engineers are, the men who defend and attack trenches should be the best judges of what they should be like, and an ideal trench might be designed by an artilleryman, an infantryman, a deer stalker and a landscape gardener, who would certainly turn out something very different from the contraptions the troops at present training at home are allowed to call trenches.—

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL.

SOMERSET HERALD ASKS FOR INFORMATION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The accompanying illustration represents a heraldic folding chess-board of sixty-four black and white squares painted on vellum stretched on two leaves of millboard and bound with deep red morocco covers, richly tooled with a somewhat elaborate pattern in gold. When open, it measures each way 15 in. Each of the thirty-two white squares has a coat of arms painted on it. The arms are as follows, and I have numbered them from left to right, beginning at the top: 1, Spencer; 2, Cavendish; 3, Howard (Carlisle); 4, Spencer-Churchill; 5, Littledale; 6, Bentham; 7, Freeling; 8, Gower; 9, Sandford; 10, ? Hashtang; 11, Sykes; 12, Phelps; 13, Dent; 14, Drury; 15, Hibbert; 16, Boswell; 17, Freeling; 18, Egerton-Bridges; 19, Bolland; 20, Laing; 22, Scott; 23, Haslewood; 24, Gybon; 25, Boswell; 26, Whittle; 27, Littledale; 28, Towneley; 29, Wilbraham; 30, (?); 31, Utterson; 32, Davies.

I will not occupy your space with more than three of the blazons. I give No. 30, in the hope that it may be identified: Quarterly 1, azure, a lion rampant argent, debased by a bend sinister, sable, over all a label of three points in chief, argent; 2, gules, a pilgrim with a staff proper; 3, argent, 2 shields suspended from a bough of a tree sable (a printer's device); 4, Caxton's device sable on an argent field. The Davies coat, No. 32, is Or, a chevron sable between three mullets sable (granted in 1672 to Sir Alexander Davies, Knight and Alderman and Lord Mayor of London, whose niece, Mary, daughter and heiress of Alexander Davies, brought to the family of Grosvenor, in 1677, the vast London estate from Ebury Street to Oxford Street). The Scott coat, No. 22, is also of special interest: Quarterly, 1 and 4, Or, two mullets in chief and a crescent in base, all within an orle azure (Scott) 2 and 3, or, on bend azure three mascles of the field, in sinister chief a buckle of the second (Halliburton). In fess point the Baronet's badge of the red-hand of Ulster, exemplified in the Lyon Office to Sir Walter Scott in 1820.

The chess-board was probably made a little later than 1840, the date of the Littledale confirmation and grant of arms, and its whole aspect is, therefore, naturally Early Victorian. Its present owner bought it in a shop at Deal in Kent, but was unable to trace and learn its history. At present it

is thought to be a unique chess-board, and it would be most interesting to know if similar ones exist; also, if any readers of COUNTRY LIFE could throw any light on the scheme of heraldry, and for whom it was made, whether for a chess club or for a private person who wished to commemorate his friends somewhat on the lines of a *Liber Amicorum*, which in the seventeenth century was so popular abroad.—I am, Sir, the King's servant, and yours, EVERARD GREEN, Somerset Herald-of-Arms, Heralds' College, March, 1915.

THE REAL OBSTACLE TO TIMBER PLANTING.

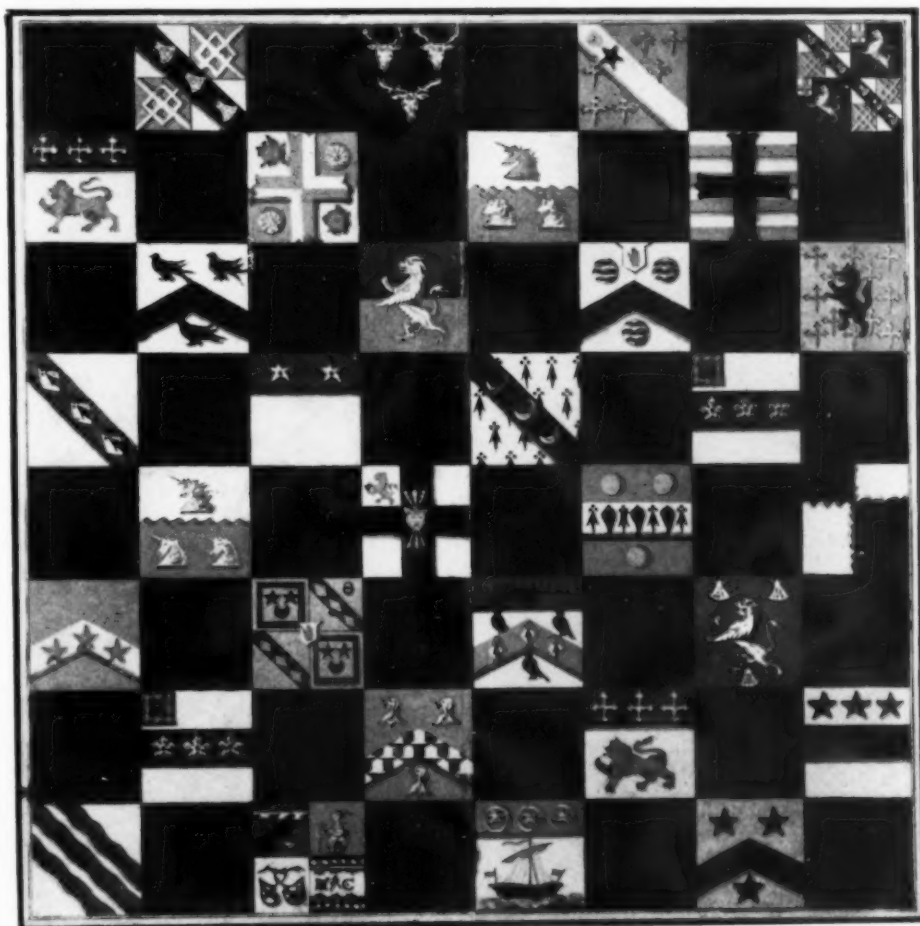
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—What follows will appear commonplace to some people, but there are probably readers of COUNTRY LIFE interested in such matters to whom it will occasion some surprise, and I think good may be done by plain speaking. For years past there has been much talk of timber planting, but little has been achieved. It is by no means universally known who are notably to blame for stifling what should be a much more important industry. Landowners are well aware that the rise in prices and decline in quality of imported timber, which is bound to become more pronounced, should greatly favour the chances of future profit from home forestry. If they were thoroughly satisfied that the venture was commercially sound they would go in; but they look before they leap, and so learn the grievous fact that, for one thing, there is a good deal of excellent standing timber in Great Britain which it is unprofitable to market because of the remarkable and strongly to be condemned dog-in-the-manger policy of railways. A few years ago the Royal English Arboricultural Society appointed a railway rate committee, and its report clearly revealed a most disastrous state of

affairs. The common rate for timber was found to be about 24d. per ton per mile, with additions for terminal services, while throughout Britain there was a differentiation in favour of foreign timber, and one which, even after the companies' case has been gone into, does not appear fair. The following table of rates for native grown timber is instructive. Per ton per mile (in pence), sixty-two miles or one hundred kilometres: England, 25; Belgium, 6; France, 7; Germany, 57. It will be natural to ask whether these vastly higher rates apply generally to all railway traffic in Britain; the rate for corn is only one-third higher here than in the three countries already named, in which the charge is uniform. Why

British railway companies should charge a lower rate for coke than for coal, although the former is bulkier, and not apply the same principle to timber is a mystery. One thing is certain—their attitude is disastrous to home forestry prospects. A case has been published in which the net result was that by the ingenious method of charging a special 1,000 ton rate, which proved to be actually in excess of the ordinary rate, an estate got about 3d. per foot for sixty years' growth of timber, while a railway company got 6d. per foot for one day's transit. It is actually found cheaper to move timber seventy miles by road than to send it the same distance by rail. Of recent years especially the forestry societies have worked hard at this question, but, so far as I am aware, they have been able to achieve little or nothing.

At the present time the question is of special importance. The war has caused so much difficulty in importing sufficient supplies that the demand for home grown timber at what should be profitable rates is better than for a long time past. But it is an adverse factor that goods traffic is so much dislocated; also, if abnormal prices for the time being render excessive rail charges less crushing, there is no guarantee of continuance, and therefore it cannot be said that, even supposing suitable and sufficient labour is obtainable, landowners need no longer hesitate to plant. Further, the tendency is for rail charges to increase rather than diminish. Forestry is considered a matter of national importance. It is doubtful if politicians who have



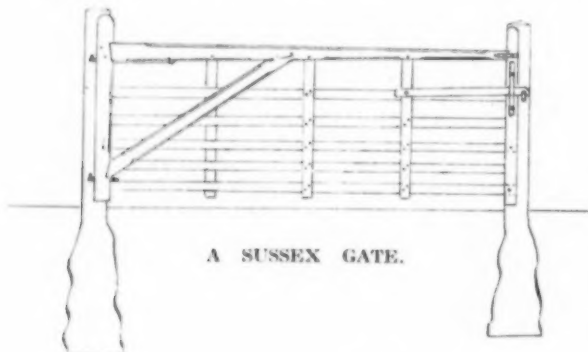
A HERALDIC CHESS-BOARD.

advocated its extension on broad lines have studied the question in all its aspects, and those who know the facts would be well advised to make it widely known what a very serious obstacle it is that the rates for timber conveyance here are so greatly in excess of those in certain other countries.—G.

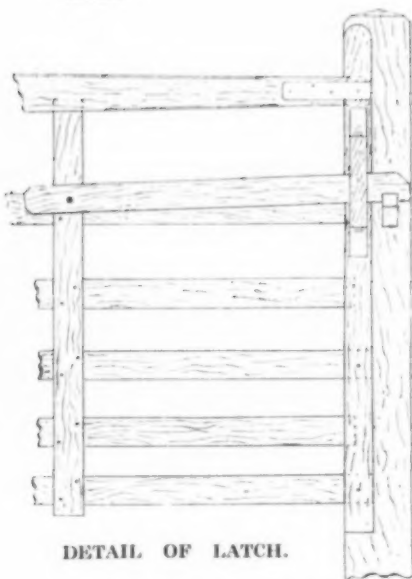
THE FIVE-BARRED GATE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I hope it may not be too late to send you another illustration of a field gate which is in almost universal use in West Sussex.



A SUSSEX GATE.



DETAIL OF LATCH.

This gate, for all practical purposes, is much better than any form of swing gate such as that illustrated by "North Country," which is easier for cattle to open from either side than a gate closing against the shutting post. Also it requires very accurate hanging, as it must come to rest exactly opposite the post. A gate falling against the shutting post has a considerable margin in the hanging between being hung too light to close or too heavy for con-

venient opening on horseback, and this is more easily within the scope of a rough carpenter.—V. L.

ICELANDIC PONIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Seeing from the enquiries forwarded to me through COUNTRY LIFE that the publication of my pictures of Icelandic ponies as "contraband of war" in your issue of January 9th occasioned considerable interest, I thought, perhaps, your readers might like to know that the ponies' sojourn in Scotland was a short one. They were quickly re-shipped at Leith, and continued their interrupted journey to Copenhagen, where I hope they arrived safely.—A. Y. MCGILL.

BROOD MARES FROM THE FRONT: A SUGGESTION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The article and correspondence in COUNTRY LIFE upon "Brood Mares from the Front" leads me to venture a remark upon what is as a whole such an extremely excellent as well as a good working scheme. What I would ask is that, as some of the mares are of the hunting type—and first-class ones—is it not possible they may find their way back into hunting stables, or end their days as first-class hacks without being bred from? Is not this almost an equally "dead loss" to the country as if they had remained in France? Could something be arranged by which the Government might offer premiums for good foals obtained from any of these mares—say within the next two years? The mares are fetching satisfactory prices as a whole, but farmers especially need a stimulus to breed horses at this juncture; and our horse breeding system, as most people allow, has its weak points! Much must be done if we are to retain our hold on this valuable industry. I recall to mind that in Saxony, in 1912, in happier times of peace, the colonel of a German cavalry regiment brought up his "English" horse to show me with great pride, as being the best one in the regiment. Germany has been doing its utmost to rob us of all our best since then.—H. A'C. PENRUDDOCKE.

[Our correspondent's suggestion of premiums is an excellent one. If it cannot be worked out in any other way it should be possible to arrange classes at some of the leading shows for foals from these returned mares. From all we have seen, there seems little doubt that some very promising stock would be forthcoming, and it is probable that in competition with others in existing classes there would be no unfavourable comparison. But we like the idea of separate classes, because many of these repatriated mares are getting into the hands of those who do not make a practice of showing

and who, by means of special classes, might and would be induced to exhibit. We commend the idea to our leading horse societies.—ED.]

EASTER SEPULCHRE AT HAWTON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The village of Hawton lies about two miles from Newark-upon-Trent. There is a beautiful Easter Sepulchre in the chancel of its parish church. It belongs to the Decorated Period, and the visitor is amazed to discover such a gem of architecture in this somnolent little village. The Sedilia, too, are of the same ornate nature, and their existence in this secluded church may be attributed to the fact that Hawton is within a dozen miles of Southwell Cathedral. There is little doubt that the artist who carved so exquisitely in stone at Southwell, was also employed to carry out the work at Hawton. The Sepulchre has been much mutilated by Puritan vandals, but it still remains the finest example in Britain.

In the four recesses at the base are the Roman soldiers, and above is the canopied niche for the reception of the Blessed Sacrament, near which are figures of Mary and the other women who visited the "place where the Lord was laid." The canopies of the centra' niches are exquisitely carved, portions of it being as sharp to-day as though it had just left the chisel. At the apex of the Sepulchre is a representation of the Ascension. Only the skirts and feet of Christ are visible, the rest of the body being obscured in a cloud, while below are the Disciples gazing upwards at their disappearing Lord. The ritual connected with these



A CANOPIED NICHE.

Easter Sepulchres belongs to pre-Reformation days. On Good Friday the crucifix was laid with great reverence and solemnity in the sepulchre, where it was watched continuously until Easter Day, when it was removed and carried back to the altar with singing and rejoicing.—H. WALKER.



THE SEPULCHRE WITH ADJOINING TOMB.